



Recognize Private Gripweed? He's actually John Lennon in Richard Lester's new film, *How I Won the War*. An illustrated special preview of the movie begins on page 16.

THE HIGH COST OF MUSIC AND LOVE: WHERE'S THE MONEY FROM MONTEREY?

BY MICHAEL LYDON

A weekend of "music, love, and flowers" can be done for a song (plus cost) or can be done at a cost (plus songs). The Monterey International Pop Festival, a non-profit, charity event, was, despite its own protestations, of the second sort: a damn extravagant three days.

The Festival's net profit at the end of August, the last date of accounting, was \$211,451. The costs of the weekend were \$290,233. Had it not been for the profit from the sale of television rights to ABC-TV of \$288,843, the whole operation would have ended up a neat \$77,392 in the red.

The Festival planned to have all the artists, while in Monterey, submit ideas for use of the proceeds.

In the confusion the plan miscarried and the decision on where the profits should go has still not been finally made.

So far only \$50,000 has definitely been allocated to

anyone: to a unit of the New York City Youth Board which will set up classes for many ghetto children to learn music on guitars donated by Fender. Paul Simon, a Festival governor, will personally over see the program.

Plans to give more money to the Negro College Fund for college scholarships is now being discussed; another idea is a sum between ten and twenty thousand for the Monterey Symphony.

However worthy these plans, they are considerably less daring and innovative than the projects mentioned in the spring: the Diggers, pop conferences, and any project which would "tend to further national interest in and knowledge and enjoyment of popular music." The present plans suggest that the Board of Governors, unable or unwilling to make their grandiose schemes reality, fell back on traditional charity.

The Board of Governors did decide that the money would be given out in a small number of

large sums. This has meant, for instance, that the John Edwards Memorial Foundation, a folk music archive at the University of California at Los Angeles, had its small request overlooked.

In ironic fact, what happened at the Festival and its financial affairs looks in many ways like the traditional Charity Ball in hippie drag.

The overhead was high and the net was low. "For every dollar spent, there was a reason," says Derek Taylor, the Festival's PR man and one of its original officers.

Yet many of the Festival's expenses, however reasonable to Taylor, seem out of keeping with its announced spirit. The Festival management, with amateurish good will, lavished generosity on their friends.

• Producer Lou Adler was able to find a spot in the show for his own property, Johnny Rivers; Paul Simon for his friend, English folk singer Beverly; John Phillips for the Group Without A Name and Scott MacKenzie. None of them had the musical

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Tom Rounds Quits KFRC

Tom Rounds, KFRC Program Director, has resigned. No immediate date has been set for his departure from the station. Rounds quit to assume the direction of Charlatan Productions, an L.A. based film company experimenting in the contemporary pop film.

Rounds spent seven years as Program Director of KPOI in Hawaii before coming to San Francisco in 1966. He successfully effected the tight format which made KFRC the number one station in San Francisco.

Les Turpin, former program director of KGB in San Diego will replace Tom Rounds at KFRC. Turpin has spent the last year as a consultant in the Drake-Chenault programming service.

The new appointment could mean a tightening up of programming policies. Rounds liberalization of KFRC's play-list may well become more restricted.

Airplane high, but no new LP release

Jefferson Airplane has been taking more than a month to record their new album for RCA Victor. In a recording period of five weeks only five sides have been completed. No definite release date has been set.

Their usual recording schedule in Los Angeles begins at 11:00 p.m. in the evening and extends through six or seven in the morning. When they're not in the studios, they stay at a fabulous pink mansion which rents for \$5,000 a month. The Beatles stayed at the house on their last American tour.

The house has two swimming pools and a variety of recreational facilities. It's a small little paradise in the hills above Hollywood. Maybe suntans and guitars don't make it together.

status for an international pop music festival.

It is ironic that the Rivers and the rest appeared "free," but the money it cost the Festival to get them to Monterey and back, feed them, put them up (Beverly

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A Letter from the Editor

You're probably wondering what we are trying to do. It's hard to say: sort of a magazine and sort of a newspaper. The name of it is ROLLING STONE, which comes from an old saying: "A Rolling Stone gathers no moss." Muddy Waters used the name for a song he wrote; The Rolling Stones took their name from Muddy's song, and "Like A Rolling Stone" was the title of Bob Dylan's first rock and roll record.

We have begun a new publication reflecting what we see are the changes in rock and roll and the changes related to rock and roll. Because the trade papers have become so inaccurate and irrelevant, and because the fan magazines are an anachronism, fashioned in the mold of myth and nonsense, we hope that we have something here for the artists and the industry, and every person who "believes in the magic that can set you free."

ROLLING STONE is not just about music, but also about the things and attitudes that the music embraces. We've been working quite hard on it and we hope you can dig it. To describe it any further would be difficult without sounding like bullshit, and bullshit is like gathering moss.

—Jann Wenner

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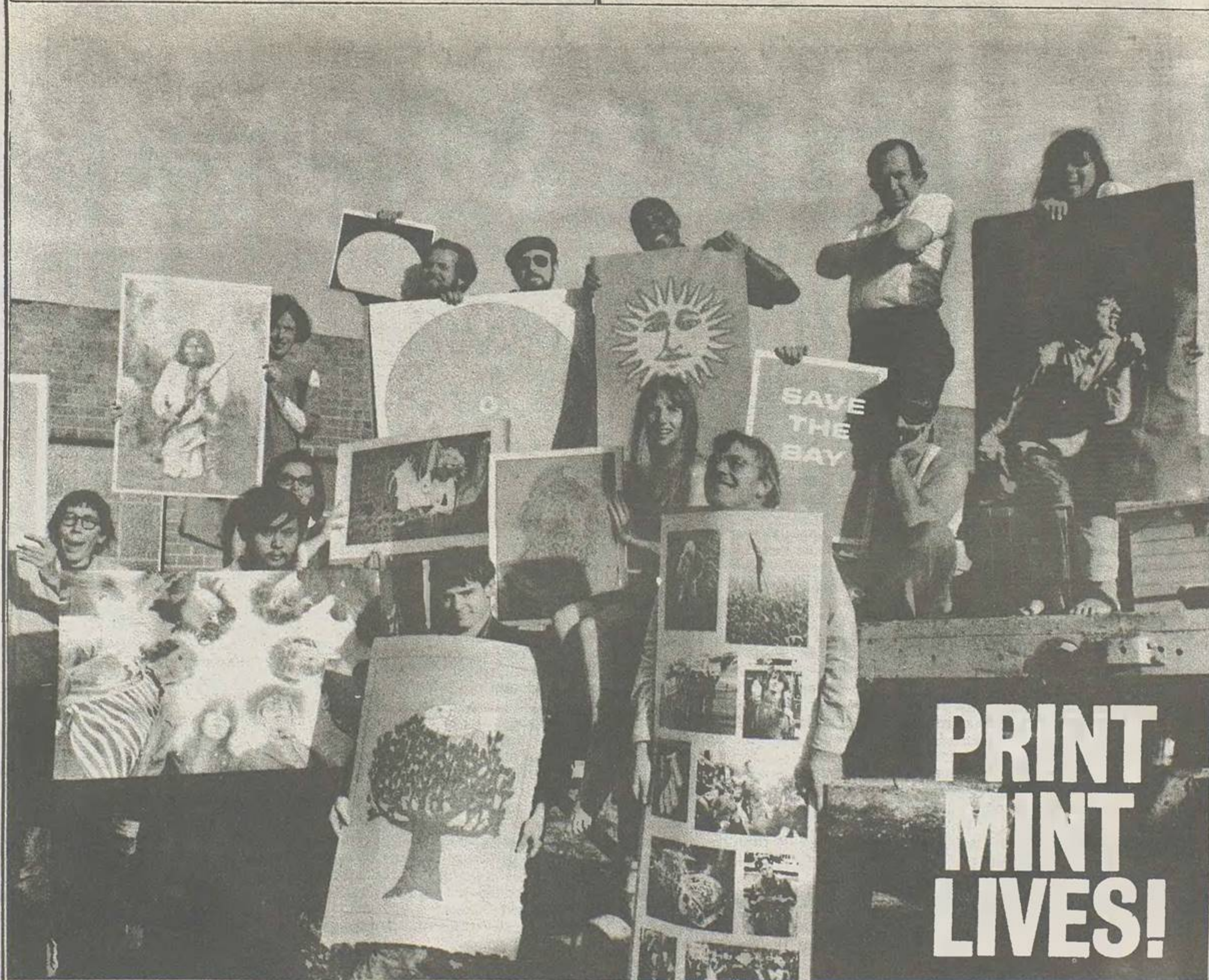
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Beatle wives and one sister-in-law in clothes from the Apple: Left: Patti Harrison in blue satin shirt and red satin pantaloons. Back center: Cynthia Lennon in pink-purple chiffon dress with a gold lame tunic and mauve stockings. Back right: Maureen Starr in apple green jacket embroidered in gold, over midnight blue baggy pants applique with yellow stars. Front: Jenny Boyd (Patti's sister) in print-trimmed jacket, gathered skirt and chiffon trousers.

APPLE AND THE BEATLES

LONDON

The Beatles, following their new pattern of ever-increasing involvement in the outside world, are putting up money to back a London boutique. The shop, christened Apple, will open in November and will stock clothes designed by Simon, Marijke, Josje, and Barry, four designers from Amsterdam.

"I don't know how we met them," says Patti Harrison, "they just appeared one day."

Presumably they appeared like

wandering medieval tradesmen carrying exotic cloth from the East; in fact their designs look like medieval fancy dress: they use cloth from India, beads from Greece, jewelry and shoes from Morocco, embroideries from secondhand stalls. Anything that is bright, beautiful, and exotic gets piled on, creating an effect described by one fashion writer as "gypsies in extra-glorious Technicolor."

One of their outfits was worn by Patti when she left London

Airport with George on their trip to San Francisco: band across her forehead, sandals thonged to her knees, beaded bolero and chiffony dress. Next day her picture was carried by every newspaper in London.

Simon, Marijke, Josje, and Barry like to endow their clothes with mystical meanings. They themselves do things like dressing up as Water, Nature, Fire, and Space.

They call their company The Fool, which, according to their

biography, "symbolizes the truth, spiritual meaning and the circle, which expresses the universal circumference in which gravitates all things."

Until Apple opens, their clothes are only available to private customers with "very much money." This is one of the reasons for having a shop. "It is wrong that only a few should be able to afford our things," says Simon. "We want to be for everyone."

FLASHES:

Sheeps Meadow Pop Festival

A New York Pop Festival is being planned to take place next June in Central Park. According to planner and promoter Sid Bernstein it will be a carbon copy of this year's Festival at Monterey.

It will have a Board of Governors (the only governors yet chosen are members of the Young Rascals whom Bernstein manages). It will run three days, and hopes to get a representative selection of East, West Coast and British stars.

The site will be the Park's Sheep's Meadow which can hold between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand spectators. Admission will be one dollar, but Bernstein says there will be plenty of room along the edges for those who can't scratch up the admission price.

"It's going to be a very open and free sort of thing, man," Bernstein said last week. "All the staff will be volunteer. No salaries or fees will be paid."

Concrete planning won't get going until January, but Bernstein says that everyone who has heard of it is "very excited."

"People keep calling asking for tickets," he said, "and when I was in England recently many of the top British groups said they wanted to come. I am just overwhelmed by the response."

Dead Straight

Eric Burdon's hit, "San Franciscan Nights," was just released in England last week. The "B" side of the English release is another tune Eric wrote, called "Gratefully Dead." Burdon begins a tour of the United States this week, starting in Texas.

Beatles Top English Poll

The Beatles again swept the Melody Maker (London) annual poll, taking first places in the British and International Sections for best group and best LP. Though edged out of first place in the best single disc category by Procol Harum's "Whiter Shade of Pale," they took second and third places with "Strawberry Fields Forever" and "Penny Lane."

Surprise winners were Procol Harum, who also took first place for "Brightest Hope" (a category occupied in other years by such as Donovan and the Mama's and Papa's), and Jimi Hendrix, voted Best Musician in the International Section. Eric Clapton took a second to Jimi Hendrix in International, but they exchanged places in the British Section.

The Best Male Singer category had the biggest upset in the entire poll, with Otis Redding rising from 10th to topple Elvis Presley for the first time in the International Section (Bob Dylan took a poor third.) Best Girl Singer went to Dusty Springfield in British and International Sections for the second year, followed in British by Lulu, and in International by Aretha Franklin.

The Rolling Stones always make a showing in the poll, but rarely one which seems commensurate with their popularity. This year they took second best group in the British Section and fourth in International, where the Beach Boys follow the Beatles (with the Monkees an incredible third). Mick Jagger is only ninth in British Best Male Singer, and has completely disappeared from the list of International winners.

A Ban on Zally?

New York television jockey Clay Cole is attempting to ban a film written, produced and directed by former Lovin' Spoonful member Zal Yanovsky.

Zally produced the film as a promotional feature to accompany the release of his first single as a solo artist. The film has already been shown in Chicago and New York. Cole claims that the film sequence of Zal and friend Diana Munch running through the park is obscenity (who really cares?).

So far officials of WPIX, the station carrying Cole's show, have not issued a statement banning the film. Nor does it seem imminent that they will, but Cole is still trying.

Blood and Sweat

Blood, Sweat & Tears is the name of Al Kooper's new group. Early this summer Al split from the Blues Project due to musical differences. So now Al and Steve Katz are spilling a little blood and shedding a few tears putting their new 'big band' together.

Before you hear from the new group you might have a chance to hear an album Kooper recorded a year ago for Takoma Records. Because of a single artist contract Kooper signed with another company, the album for Takoma cannot be released until until Kooper gets out his other contract.

One number on the album, called "Pistachio Fragrance," contains an interesting guitar duet by Al. The original guitar track was played back at double speed and Al over-dubbed the second guitar part at a normal speed. Most of the tracks are entirely Al overdubbing all instruments himself. A few studio musicians were used on the session.

Traffic Plans

Stevie Winwood and his new group, Traffic, is planning to tour the United States in the spring. Stevie Winwood and his manager, Chris Blackwell, will fly to New York next month to choose artists to share the bill on the three week tour of colleges. Winwood will also be discussing terms for a film offer received by the group from United Artists film company.

Mystery Tour

The Beatles finished filming their mysterious tour through Cornwall two weeks ago. They spent last week recording music for the Magical Mystery Tour television special at EMI's studios in St. John's Wood. The film will be shown worldwide at Christmas time.

Featured in the Mystery special will be a George Harrison composition entitled "Blue Jay Way," written during his stay

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Flipping the Byrd: David Crosby went to Florida

Byrd McGuinn Dumps Crosby

David Crosby, the caustic and outspoken guitarist of the Byrds, has split with the group after being asked to leave by leader Jim McGuinn. Gene Clark, tambourinist, songwriter and one of the original Byrds, is returning after a two year absence to take his place.

According to the Los Angeles groups' PR man, Derek Taylor, Crosby and McGuinn have always had a tense and uneasy relationship. At the Monterey Pop Festival, he sported an STP badge on his guitar and attacked the

government over Kennedy's assassination and the War in Vietnam. Crosby has never hidden his opinions about anything.

This week, his patience gone, McGuinn decided it would be better for the group's morale if he left.

Crosby went willingly, asking only that it be made public that he had been asked to leave. He recently bought a \$25,000 boat in Florida and now plans to live on it until he decides what's next.

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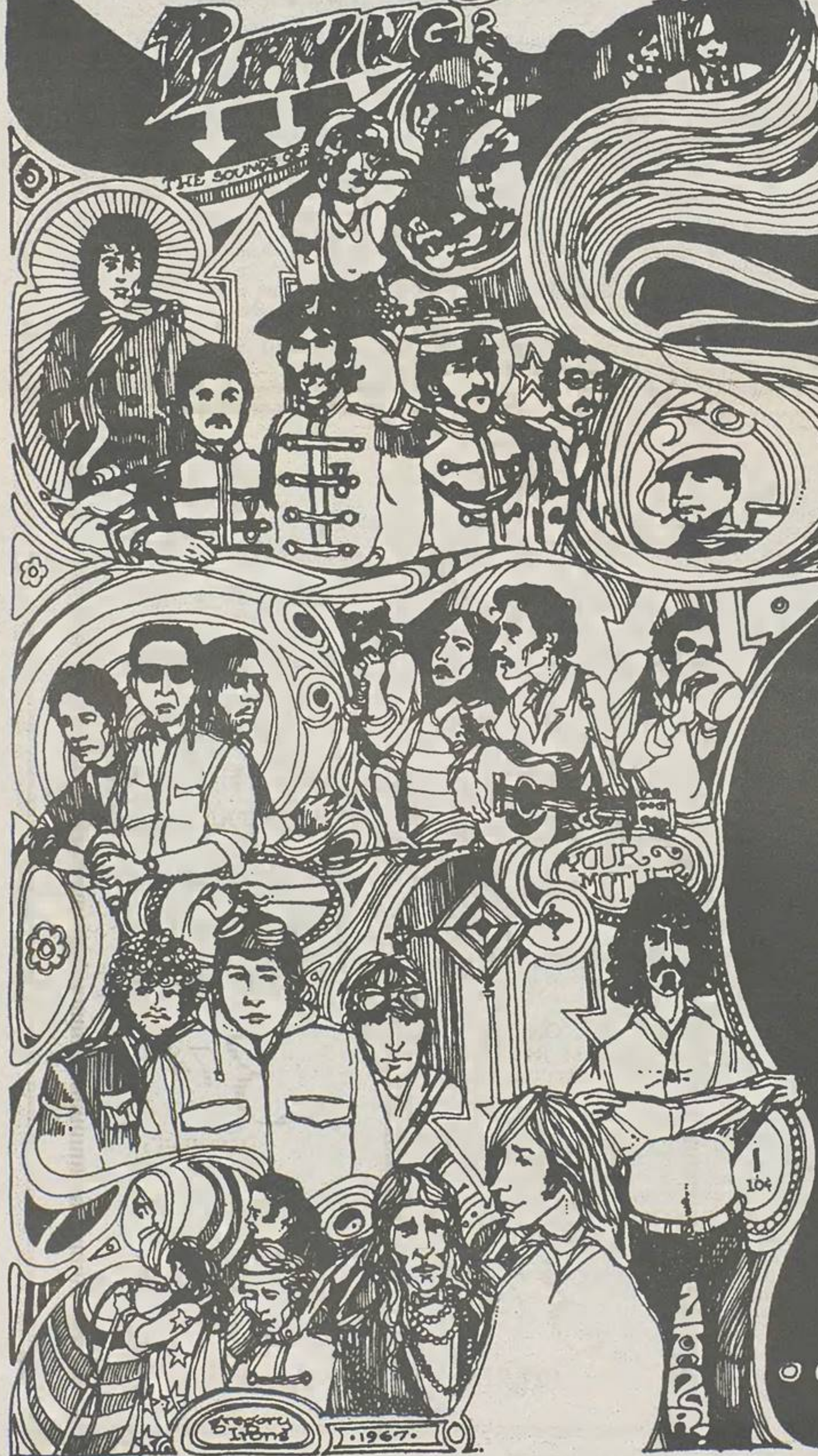
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FLASHES:

Continued from Page 4

in San Francisco. It will be the first instrumental ever recorded by the group and the fastest song he ever composed, having been in San Francisco less than six hours.

A new single will probably be released simultaneously in the U.S. and Britain. The remaining tracks will be released in England on an EP; however, it is doubtful that Capitol Records will release an EP in this country.

New Dylan Film

Bob Dylan is currently in his Woodstock, New York, home working on editing a new film of his second English tour shot by Robert Pennebaker. Neither Pennebaker, who shot and produced "Don't Look Back," or Dylan's management have as yet set a release date for the new film.

Hankin's Harp

Larry Hankin, formerly of the Committee, is now gigging as house comedian at the Cafe Au Go Go in New York. You can hear Larry with his trusty Jew's Harp twanging away on Zal Yanovsky's new Kama Sutra single, "At Long As You're Here," and nightly at the Au Go Go.

Free Clinic

San Francisco's musicians and artisans, in fact just about everyone with the glaring exception of the "city's fathers," have rallied behind the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic's fund drive to reopen their doors by November 1.

Through a series of benefits held at the Straight Theatre, a park in San Jose and the Fillmore Auditorium, close to \$12,000 has been raised toward the goal of \$18,000 needed to insure bare minimal operations for six months.

Among those who have given their time and talents are Initial Shock, Mad River, Anonymous Artists of America, Mt. Rushmore, Sopwith Camel, Hair, Flaming Groovies, Black Swan, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Jefferson Airplane, Charlatans, Blue Cheer, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mother Earth, Freedom Highway, Ace of Clubs and Congress of Wonders. Light shows have been donated by Dick Smith's Lights, by Lovelight and an uninterrupted 15-hour show was provided by Jerry Abrams' Headlights. Carlos Carvajal of the San Francisco Ballet produced a two-day talent show at the Straight Theatre.

Is the November 1 opening realistic? "Well, let's just say we are very optimistic," answered Lowell Pickett, assistant administrator of the Clinic. "We aren't doing all this painting and cleaning to make it nice for new tenants."

Ringo!?!?

"They're going to put me in the movies, they're going to make a big star out of me; it's about a man who's sad and lonely, and all I got to do is act naturally." Remember Ringo singing that? Somebody in Hollywood announced last week that

Ringo had been signed to play the role of the Mexican gardener in the film version of Terry Southern's book, *Candy*. The gardener is not the one with the hump. Marlon Brando and Richard Burton are also in the film.

On the Move

The Move have now signed with A&M Records in Los Angeles. They were the second English group signed — Procul Harum being the first. Denny Cordell, A&R man for both groups, will be coming to L.A. later in the year to record them at A&M's new eight track studios.

Band Benefit

A dance for the benefit of the bands will be held this Sunday night at Winterland. Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Company are heading the show which includes the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mother Earth and Blue Cheer.

Salvation

Salvation, formerly New Salvation Army Banned, shortly begins a new concept in record company promotion tours. Signed to ABC Records, the group will be taking off on a cross-country trip in their painted "Salvation Bus." The vehicle, painted a la Kesey, will stop in dozens of towns on the way from San Francisco to New York to give free concerts in the parks.

Salvation's first single and first album will be released on November 1, at which point the group will be back East gigging and playing for a peace demonstration.

Mick Says No

Mick Jagger has turned down the starring role in a film to be made of the best-seller, *The Virgin Soldiers*. Mick also refused to participate in the film version of an English television series called *Cathy Come Home*, supposedly a controversial program about runaways. Jagger and Marianne Faithfull were offered the starring roles.

Bee Gees to Flee

Because of work permit laws, the English government is on the edge of kicking the Bee Gees out of England for six months. The Home Office has refused to extend permits for the two members of the group who are Australian, and the three Gibbs brothers, who are English, refuse to stay in England without them. They plan a six-month stay in Europe, if they must go.

Butterfly

The Hollies finished a new album last week in England. The album is tentatively titled "Butterfly." No definite release date has been set but co-manager Robin Brittons says that "it will be out before Christmas."

Day at Night

A Hard Days Night will be televised on Tuesday, the 24th of October. The Fab Foursome's fab gear film will be carried on NBC at 7:30 p.m.



Harvey Brooks and Mike Bloomfield down South

ELECTRIC FLAG IS BUSTED: 'THE LENNY BRUCE RIFF'

In the same week the Grateful Dead were busted, and, like Moby Grape, on the eve of their first record release, most of Mike Bloomfield's band, the Electric Flag, were arrested on narcotics charges. It happened at a Huntington Beach motel near the Golden Bear Club where the Flag was doing a ten-day gig.

Taken to jail were Bloomfield, bassist Harvey Brooks, organist Barry Goldberg and conga-drumming vocalist Nick The Greek Gravenites. Police entered their motel room at 4:00 in the morning while the four musicians

were listening to tapes.

Their bust was one of a series of raids in Orange county that week. The band reports, however, that the officers were not at all hostile, just uptight.

Bloomfield, et. al., return to Huntington Beach for a preliminary hearing on Oct. 20. After that they are headed for gigs and recording sessions in New York.

"We're in the hands of fate," Nick said. "It's a whole different scene: lawyers, police, the government. The whole Lenny Bruce riff."

'NEW' BLUES PROJECT AT IT IN MILL VALLEY; KOOPER GONE

BY TEDY NEWHALL

"There comes a time to say no," stated Andy Kulenberg bassist and flautist with the Blues Project. "We're not interested in being a popular music group anymore." This is the attitude of the 'new' Blues project.

Star organist, vocalist and arranger Al Kooper left to form his own group. That was the beginning of the end of the old Blues Project. Kooper's and Steve Katz's concept of the group differed too often from those of lead guitarist Danny Kalb, Andy, and Roy Blumenfeld. Finally Steve joined Kooper in England. Now, while Danny is recovering from nervous exhaustion, the Blues Project has settled in the San Francisco area to rest their heads and to organize a new group.

"It's not unusual for exceptional musicians like Al and Danny to be in constant competition during performances," explained Andy. "This was the group's main difficulty; our music could not progress amidst the conflict."

The only new member added to the group thus far is singer-composer Jim Roberts. "I've been writing poems and songs for years," Jim says "and our new material is more or less a blend of my poems or lyrics and Andy's music."

Every member of the band who can't already read music is learning. "I'm into more orchestral things," said Andy, "and we all can't communicate without reading music." There will be more emphasis on vocals. "We plan to use 5 or 6 voices and we just

discovered that our drummer could sing; he's just been sitting back there drumming for two years and never mentioned that he could sing."

The group's looking for a new keyboard man and possibly a rhythm guitarist. "We're not going to add horns because that was done 20 years ago. Besides," added Andy, "the vocals can replace the effect of the horns."

The group has a great deal of electronic equipment at their house and is experimenting with it constantly. "One member of our band will be involved on stage in the operation of the equipment," Andy continued, "we can't have just a sound man; we need someone operating that equipment who is involved in the music and who has taken part in creating our music."

Procul Harum

Procul Harum's first tour will be in the United States and not in England. Remarkably enough, the group that only a month and a half ago had the number one record in many parts of the world with "A Whiter Shade Of Pale," has only once appeared in a live concert.

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MONTEREY: LOVE AND MONEY FOR A SONG

Continued from Page 1

charged no expenses), and pay their back musicians, would have equalled the several thousand dollars that Chuck Berry, one of the fathers of rock and roll, demanded to appear. Rivers' hotel alone was \$345; his transportation \$123.

The Festival refused to make (and probably could not have made) an exception and pay Berry, but the audience paid not for Berry, but for the governors' proteges.

The one artist paid was Ravi Shankar. He had been signed before the Festival became non-profit. When direction went from Ben Shapiro to Adler and Phillips, his contract was honored.

• Albert Grossman, the powerful manager of Bob Dylan and many other artists, told the directors that if they wanted his property, Mike Bloomfield's prestigious new band, the Electric Flag, they would have to make room for another Grossman property, the relatively unknown Paupers. The directors made the deal.

• The extravagant program book, part Hollywood showbiz and part San Francisco hip, symbolized the Festival's uneasy wedding of the two cultures. Moreover, it failed at both its functions: to make money and to be a souvenir. With four full-time employees, it cost \$43,862.



Derek Taylor



John Phillips



Lou Adler

The advertising revenue (at \$1500 a page) from record companies, their only contribution to the event, was \$300 short of covering its cost. The Festival had to set the sale price at \$2 and could only get rid of 1800 of them, netting a bare \$3300. There are still 16,000 program books sitting in Festival headquarters in Los Angeles.

• The costs for artist transportation were \$50,273, not in itself an exorbitant figure for the amount of people and equipment moved. For most performers, the transportation paid for was a simple trip to Monterey and back.

• The law firm of Mitchell, Silverburg, and Knupp, one of whose partners, Abe Somer, was an "unpaid" director of the Festival, received \$8,269 for their legal services.

• Under "administrative and general costs" on the balance sheet is the staggering sum of \$49,529. That figure covers rent, business travel, telephones, and office costs. But it also includes salaries paid to every member of the Festival staff except Phillips,

Adler, and business manager Phil Turetsky, who served without fee.

These figures seem particularly high in comparison with the price of some services rendered. Harry McCune Sound Service of San Francisco slashed their normal fees and provided all the Festival sound equipment, plus the men to run it, for \$3118. The entire stage crew cost the Festival \$2749.

Costs were also increased by the total confusion in which the Festival was mounted. Part of that was due to lack of experience and time, elemental precautions were not taken. It was not until the three days were over that there was any real financial management of the Festival at all.

"Lou and John made deals and told me about them afterwards," Business Manager Phil Turetsky said last week, "I had no control over expenditures." Only Adler and Phillips had the right to sign checks; Turetsky did not.

"We did have to pay a premium to get everything done, but without organization it was more expensive than it should have been. I feel expenses could reasonably have been kept down," Turetsky added.

The Festival had no bookkeeper until June 28, ten days after the event was over. Sandra Beebe, with 21 years bookkeeping experience, found chaos when she began her work.

"I had to set up the books completely," she said. "Some bills had been paid, and some hadn't. I had to sort it all out. I was just given drawers and drawers of paper. Everyone was gone and I was left holding the bag. Money could definitely have been saved if a bookkeeper had been hired earlier."

Mrs. Beebe is just now finishing her work, and there will soon be a complete audit.

Yet with business still to be done, the Festival's organization has virtually disappeared. Mail directed to the Festival is picked up by Adler's secretary, but Adler, Phillips, and lawyer Somer are all out of the country.

Beside the still pending decisions on what to do with the profits, the only way in which the Festival continues is in the negotiations over the use of the film of the three days made primarily for ABC-TV.

No screening date has yet been set for the ABC special. It was originally going to be one hour; the plan now is for 90 minutes. Unofficially it is reported that ABC will pay an additional \$100,000 for the extra half hour.

Before appearing, all groups were asked to sign a release contract allowing the Festival all control of all funds of the film for the TV special. In a rider to that contract they were also

asked to sign away all rights to the film if resold or if re-edited for movie house screening.

Big Brother and the Holding Company did not sign at first and their performance was not filmed; they then signed and appeared on stage a second time to get in the movie. The Grateful Dead did not sign and are still trying to find out what will happen to the film.

"They wanted us to sign away all rights to it," said Dead manager Danny Rifkin, "the attitude was, 'You're signing between friends.' But were we? We wanted to be able to make sure the sound was good, to have some say on editing, on television sponsorship, and where the money would go. We were offered nothing."

The unfinished controversy over the film only hints at the degree of resentment felt by the San Francisco groups over the expense and expensive tone of the Festival, plus its effective control by Adler, Phillips, and their friends.

It was the vitality of the San Francisco scene and the free park concerts which inspired the Festival's spirit and its "music, love, and flowers" motif, argue the San Franciscans. The city and Bay Area also supplied a great part of the audience, as well as a large number of the musicians.

The Festival's answer to all criticism is that it did the best it could under very difficult circumstances, and that the best was very good.

Time was short: the Festival was only an idea in April. In its brief life, control was taken from Ben Shapiro and Alan Pariser, who conceived it as a money maker, to Adler and Phillips, who made it non-profit: that switch inevitably damaged its organization.

High expenses were due in part to admitted inexperience, but also to a basic premise of its directors: the festival should be an extravaganza. No cost would be too high to insure that everyone would have a good time.

"If it was a question of buying 1000 flowers or 10,000 flowers, we bought the 10,000."

Finally, questions of selecting artists and detailed control of Festival affairs were in many cases quite arbitrary matters of taste, argues the management. The only people who could decide were those who were running the show.

Yet months after the Mamas and Papas closed the show early Monday morning, a slightly bad taste still remains. What was a festival to some, was a free ride for others. Most artists got there with talent, some with pull. A festival which should, and could have been all up front still leaves questions asked and unanswered.

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THE DEAD DID GET IT: REPORTERS AND COPS

"That's what ya' get for dealing the killer weed," laughed State narcotics agent Jerry Van Ramm at the eleven members of the Grateful Dead household he and his agents had rounded up into the Dead's kitchen.

The Good Ole Grateful Dead had gotten it. Eight narcotics agents, followed by a dozen reporters and television crews, raided the Dead's house at 710 Ashbury Street on October 2. A little after three-thirty in the afternoon, two members of the band, Pigpen and Bob Weir; their two managers, Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin; their equipment manager, Bob Matthews; and six friends had been busted on dope charges.

The cops carried no warrant and broke in the front door even after being denied entry. Danny and Rock weren't in the house, but were yanked from the porch when they came strolling by after the reporters had arrived. As well as members of the band, the police confiscated the files, money, and phone books of the band and of the Haight Ashbury Legal Organization, whose offices are in the Dead's house.

While the narcs did their work, a rooting section gathered on the sidewalk across the street from the house and, like a Greek chorus, filled the air with a running commentary on the proceedings.

Jerry Garcia and Mountain Girl weren't home at the time of the bust. Drummer Bill Kreutzman and bassist Phil Lesh live elsewhere, but Phil's old lady, Florence, was at 710 and was handcuffed to Weir on the way to the Hall of Justice.

After six hours in jail, the dastardly eleven were released on bail. On October 23, they return to the Hall of Justice for a preliminary hearing. Their chances look good. In the meantime, they showed up at their bailbondsman's office the cold morning after the arrest, were arraigned in court (when Rock was arrested again on the additional charge of maintaining a house where narcotics are used), and had a press conference.

The press conference was held in the Dead's living room, filled to capacity with a tangle of microphones, television cameras, lights, wires, notepads, soundmen, reporters and photographers. Danny opened it with a statement:

"The arrests were made under a law that classifies smoking marijuana along with murder, rape and armed robbery as a felony. Yet almost anyone who has ever studied marijuana seriously and objectively has agreed that marijuana is the least harmful chemical used for pleasure and life-enhancement.

"The law contains an even greater evil. It encourages the most outrageously discriminatory type of law enforcement. If the lawyers, doctors, advertising men, teachers and political officeholders who use marijuana were arrested today, the law might well be off the books before Thanksgiving. The law creates a mythical danger and calls

it a felony. The people who enforce the law use it almost exclusively against individuals who threaten their ideas of the way people should look and act.

"Behind all the myths is the reality. The Grateful Dead are people engaged in constructive, creative effort in the musical field, and this house is where we work as well as our residence. Because the police fear and misinterpret us, our effort is now interrupted as we deal with the consequences of a harrassing arrest."

Questions and answers followed, much like a Beatle press conference. In response to "How long did it take you to grow your

hair that long, Danny?" Rifkin said, "We've always figured that if we ever held a press conference the first reporter who asked a stupid question would get a cream pie in his face, and you're him."

A huge bowl of whipped cream was ceremoniously produced, to everyone's obvious delight including all the reporters except the one. He cringed and Danny, taking pity, spared him. After the conference was finished, cookies, coffee and cake were served and the predictable jokes were made.

ROLLING STONE didn't leave. We adjourned to the porch to take a few pictures of one of the

most beautiful bands in the world.

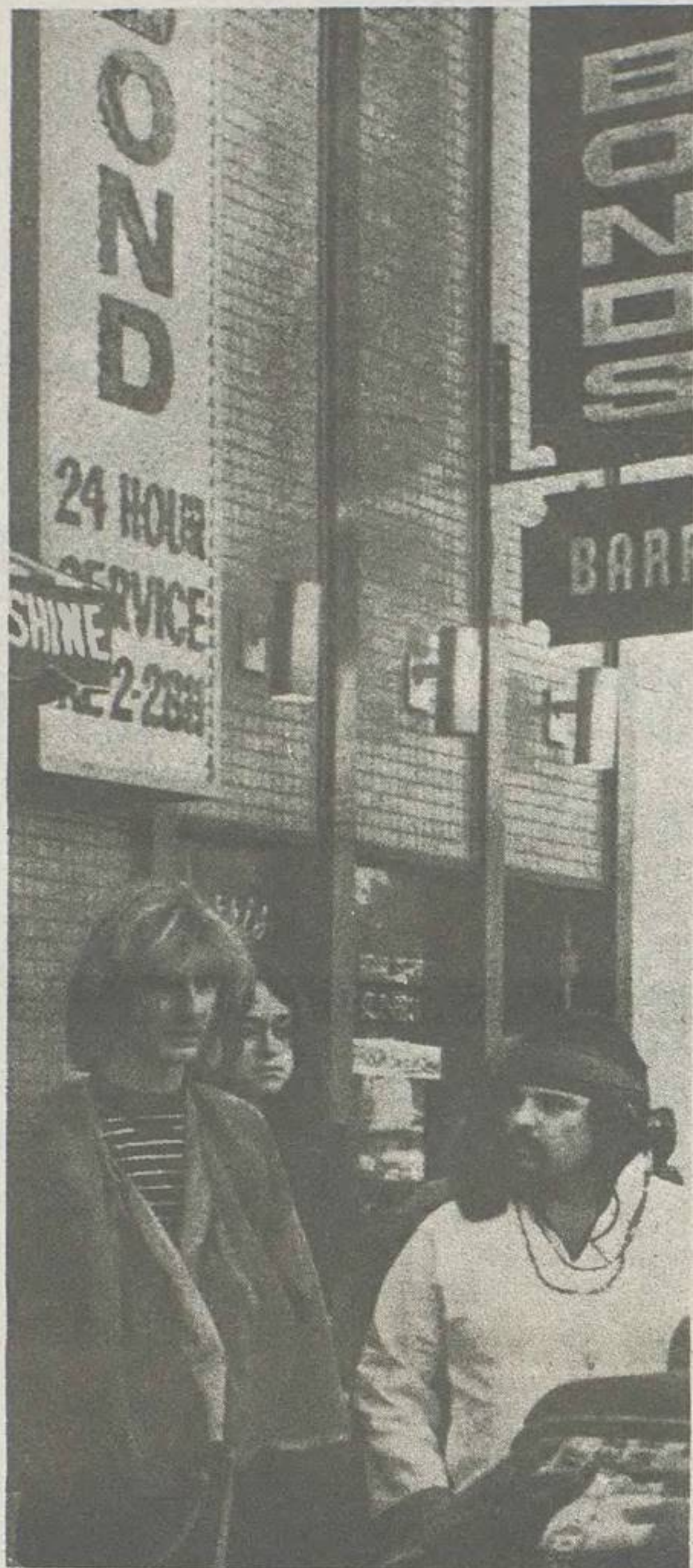
Notice all the rifles. Pigpen has a big collection. If he had been thinking quick, he would have been prepared for all eventualities.

Dig Jerry: he's Big Man on Campus. Who else has a tee-shirt like that? Jerry said that if they put out a warrant for his arrest—which so far they haven't—he would beat them to it and go down to the Hall of Justice voluntarily to surrender, carrying a white flag.

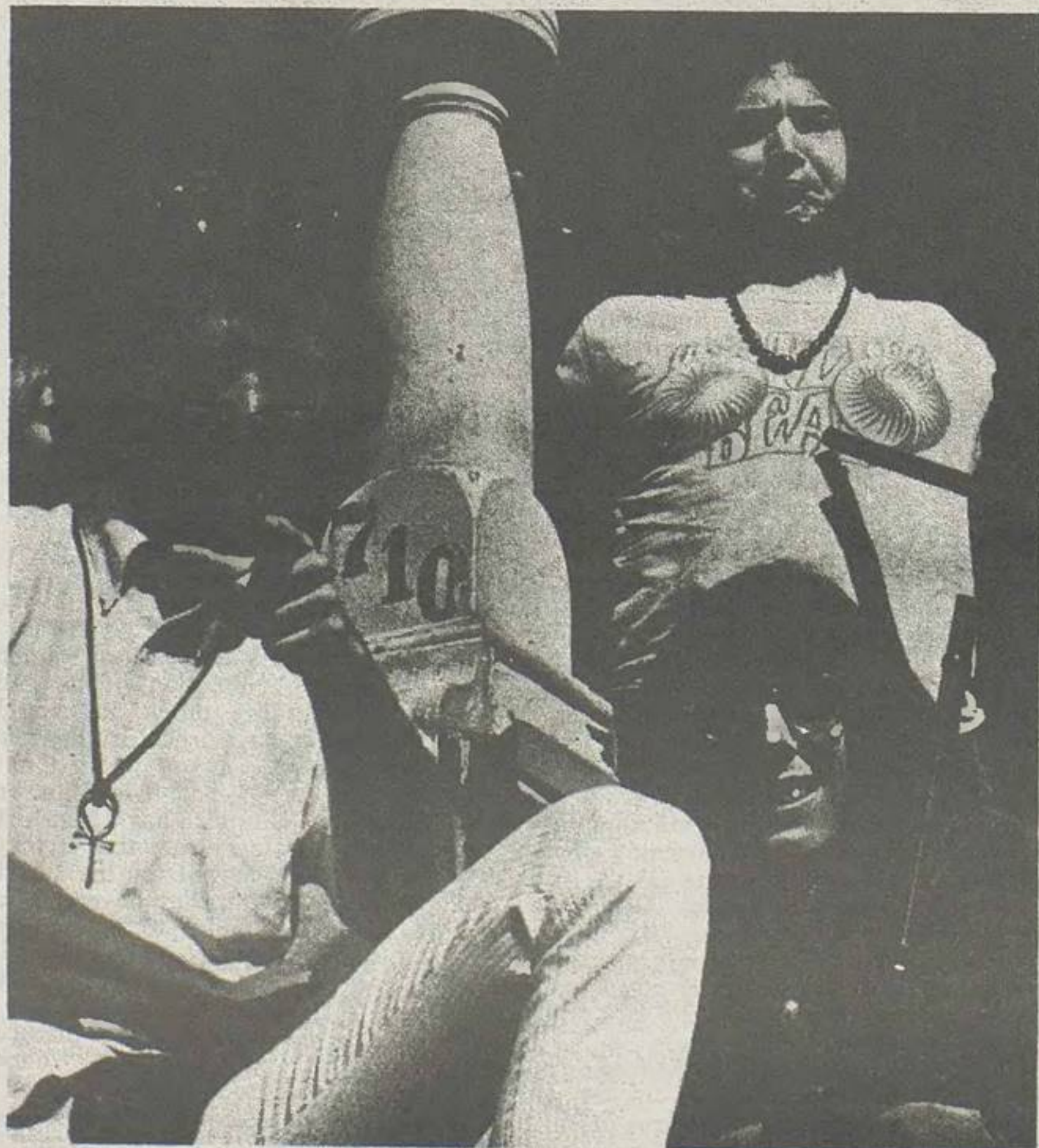
Oh, yeah. Ever see a picture of Phil wearing those dark glasses before?



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARNEY PETERSON



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN



MURRAY THE K ON WOR-FM 'THEY SCREWED IT UP'

BY BOB MC CLAY

"Murray the K" Kaufman, New York's top disc jockey, has been fired from his prime-time position on WOR-FM, New York city's avant-garde rock and roll station.

Kaufman was fired four weeks ago by Robert S. Smith, the station's General Manager, in an incident that has provoked a flood of publicity in and out of the radio business. However, claims Wally Westphal, WOR-FM's PR man, it was also Smith who initiated the playlist concept which got the ratings, and hired Murray for his musical knowledge and free-wheeling approach.

Smith and Kaufman agree that the central issue in the firing was whether the station was to continue in the same direction it had been going. In other words, Murray was fired for the same reasons he was hired. Smith says "We're aiming at more listeners now; we just can't live with Murray's inability to live with direction."

Exactly a year ago, Kaufman was hired in an effort to make something different out of WOR-FM and to get the ratings. The station changed to a rock playlist of many albums plus 125 singles roughly three to four times as many singles normally heard on New York's AM rockers, WABC and WMCA, (the home of the "WMCA Good Guys"). In a few months WOR-FM became New York's number one FM outlet.

Murray was considerably more blunt: "They've screwed up the most beautiful thing on the air in New York." His view is that the station, heady with success, wanted to go after a broader audience. To do this, they had to dump Kaufman who had previously been given a free hand in programming his own show and had been the major influence in station policy.

Murray had the highest ratings on the station. He claims that 52 percent of all of the station's advertising was on his show. His deal with management called for a substantial percentage of the advertising revenue in lieu of salary, perhaps one of the reasons that Murray the K is gone.

The key issue, though, is not Kaufman, his prestige or money, or General Manager Smith, his pride or policies, but the radio programming philosophy of Bill Drake.

Bill Drake is a "programming consultant." Formerly a disc-jockey at KYA in San Francisco in 1962 and 1963. Drake successfully established himself as a programmer at KYNO in Fresno with a restricted playlist, fast-talking DJ's, jingles, contests — nothing new, but better than anyone else. It worked; KYNO became number one, and Drake moved on to KGB in San Diego, where he did it again.

Drake's good fortune was to meet Tom O'Neil, president of General Tire and Rubber Company, which owns RKO-General Broadcasting, which then held two West Coast losers, KHJ and KFRC. Within six months after Drake moved in KHJ was showing a million dollar-plus profit. Likewise, KFRC is the top-ranked San Francisco station, and a huge money-maker.

Drake's contract covered only

RKO's West Coast outlets. Then this summer the company announced he would be given the East Coast stations as well, which included WOR-AM, a lucrative good music station, and WOR-FM which was beginning to show great success with its new policies. Murray the K resigned, stating Drake's policies would destroy the station. But there was little change and Murray shortly returned.

A two-month honeymoon ensued and then one Saturday night four weeks ago Murray the K was fired by telegram. His taped show was not run and his replacement was a refugee with a sinus condition from WABC's echo chamber. Shortly afterwards WOR-FM jockey Bill Mercer, known in New York and to listeners of Los Angeles and San Francisco R & B stations as Rosko, quit in a spectacular manner: on the air.

Bill Drake's name is feared. He has made an amazing financial success of his on-the-air formula, basically a reduction of the music playlist to the lowest common denominator in the manner of television. He gets a salary from every single one of the stations he has programmed, even after he has left.

At WOR, Drake appointed his own Program Director, Garry Mack. The natural speculation is that WOR will follow Drake's past pattern of using only the most popular, and the shortest tunes for air play.

As it stands now, the new disc jockeys cannot choose their own music, nor do they seem very much interested in making a choice, anyway.

WOR-FM's effect on the New York audience has been similar to that of KMPX's in San Francisco. However the New York station has never been nearly as far out as KMPX, and the only changes Drake made several months ago was to shorten the individual DJ's chatter time.

"It's more like KYA than anything else," Drake explained.

With the Departure of Murray K and Rosko, the remaining jockeys are neither well-informed nor interested in the music. The current playlist is now down to 80 singles and some albums (which must be cleared by Mack). Although the music is still there, WOR-FM now sounds like top forty, but with more records.

"The music's back in the hands of the people who don't care," claims Murray the K. "There's no personality on the air and the station is developing a routine and a format."

"I tried to paint a picture in people's minds."

Donovan

Donovan's concert in Denver was cancelled. Even when the ticket price was dropped to \$2.50, there weren't enough sales to justify a concert. Maybe it was the Family Dog's heavy bill on the same weekend: The Doors and Lothar and The Hand People. The latter is Denver's hometown band. They don't know what they missed.



Country Joe and the Fish when their heads were together

COUNTRY JOE GOES SOLO FISH ARE HIGH AND DRY

Country Joe MacDonald has split from his band, the Fish, leaving them high and dry without a lead singer, an arranger or the composer of most of their original material. He didn't dig the gig anymore.

Both Joe and The Fish will go on as single acts. The Fish will not change personnel, only their name to The Incredible Fish.

"Right now, we're like a deranged amoeba," says their manager, Banana Ed Denson, "and our future plans are rather nebulous."

Country Joe and The Fish's second album will be released November 8th. The album is appropriately titled "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die."

Vanguard holds contracts on both Country Joe and the new Incredible Fish. There are no immediate plans for further releases by either artist; however, Joe and The Fish have discussed plans for a joint album as a third release on Vanguard.

Country Joe McDonald will not make his first solo appearance in San Francisco, but at the Crystal Ballroom in Portland, Oregon. While Joe is working a gig in Vancouver on the 20th and 21st of October, Vanguard will release the new Country Joe & The Fish single. The record is entitled "Janis"—a tune written by Joe for Janis Joplin of Big

Brother and The Holding Company.

The Incredible Fish will not be making many public appearances in the near future, according to Denson. They will, however, be performing at the KPFA benefit at the Fillmore Auditorium on the 30th of October. For the most part they will be in rehearsal for the next few months pulling a new band back together.

"You see," Ed explained, "most of the material that the group performed was written by Joe, specifically for Joe's voice, and the rest of the group does not sing like Joe."

Denson went on to explain that there is no ill-will between Joe and The Fish. "The break did not occur due to fights between Joe and any of The Fish."

"Joe," continued Ed, "left the group because of the extreme pressure and strain exerted on him continually. While producing an LP and preparing a road show and trying to keep his personal life in order, Joe found the pressure too great."

"It's simpler for Joe to pick up his guitar and get on a plane and fly to his gig. He doesn't have to worry about amplifiers and damaged equipment. Now that the album is completed, Joe can easily leave the group."

SPOONFUL'S NEW IMAGE

The Lovin' Spoonful has been through some changes lately. They have split with their producer, Erik Jacobsen, who did everything from "Do You Believe in Magic," through "Six O'Clock." Zal Yanovsky has been replaced on lead guitar by Jerry Yester who formerly produced the Association.

Gone are the days of wrap-

around furs, cowboy boots and jeans. A "sophisticated" group has emerged; sorta looks like the Association. Their new producer, Joe Wissert, from Los Angeles, is known for his arranging and production of the new Turtles' songs. So the Spoonful's latest single, "She Is Still A Mystery," sounds like "Happy Together."

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PERSPECTIVES: SOUND IS WITHOUT COLOR

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

Item: Otis Redding dethrones Elvis Presley as top male vocalist in the annual poll of the London Melody Maker.

Item: The British Broadcasting Corporation flies a TV documentary crew to Otis Redding's 300 acre "Big O" Ranch outside Macon, Georgia, to film Redding.

Item: A radio broadcast from the Memphis studios of Stax/Volt featuring Otis Redding, Carla Thomas, the Mar-Keys, Booker T. and the M.G.'s via satellite is carried on the national radio network of France.

Query: Why has there never been any similar broadcast on U.S. TV or radio of Otis Redding (or James Brown or Wilson Pickett or Jackie Wilson or Ray Charles or Chuck Berry or even Nat Cole or Sam Cooke?)

The answer is color.

They are black and in America in the echelons of power which control these things, color is a handicap.

Sound is without color and if sound sells, it is broadcast on radio via recordings. But national TV in the U. S. has yet to grasp the point that Otis Redding sells more records than Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin and therefore his audience is greater.

The change will come in time, inevitably, but this is the reason it has not come already.

Racial prejudice is a drag but it is also a fact and the fact of prejudice is the reason why the great performers of the early era of rhythm and blues (Otis Redding is really something else, perhaps rock and soul) such as Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry and the rest never had the chance to become the star figures in the country in which they were born that they were immediately seen to be in, for instance, England.

"I had to come to you behind the Rolling Stones and the Beatles," Muddy Waters poignantly told the Stanford University students the first time he appeared at a major college concert. It was less than two years ago and Muddy's equipment was patched together with masking tape, thumb tacks, toothpicks and glue. No expensive speakers and mikes.

Nobody wants to be hung up with race, but it is still there, showing in the shadows behind the movement. Ray Charles was a leading recording artist for years before he ever appeared in downtown San

Francisco, the liberal city of the West.

Otis Redding (and before him Chuck Berry and the others) came through the major cities playing in the "chitlin' joints" Lou Rawls refers to, and were never greeted at the airport by photographers and reporters and TV cameras, because the media managers did not think people with black skin (except the Harry Belafonte's who made it in the white style) were newsworthy.

Back during the years when Ivory Joe Hunter and La Vern Baker and Ruth Brown were making the real hits, watered-down versions by Pat Boone and Georgia Gibbs were the discs that attracted the media managers' attention and resulted in the publicity interviews and TV appearances. Joe Turner's "Shake, Rattle and Roll" was overlooked by them when Bill Haley and the Comets scored, and even Howlin' Wolf's booking agency did not know who he was until the Rolling Stones put him on TV in a position of reverence. They listed him on their talent roster as Chester Burnett.

Not that a Chuck Berry did not make money. He certainly did—and does—from the hundreds of his songs on the hundreds of discs by other artists, as well as his own. But it is his royalty checks from Capitol Records (thanks to the Beatles) that have enabled him to retire from the chitlin' circuit.

It's changing. The contemporary pop scene is almost blind to color and the white musicians are past imitation in general (though it was shocking at the Pop Festival to hear Canned Heat sing "I'm going down to Central Avenue and get me a TV set, you know what I mean") and into their own thing, which has value and aesthetics in and of itself. But we still should remember that it was there in front and is still there, lurking in the shadows.

The reason why no network does an Otis Redding spectacular is because of the veto power of the Southern TV stations, which make up a substantial part of the network and hence of its revenue. Ella Fitzgerald was denied the use of her racially mixed band only a few years ago on the Telephone Hour because the Southern Bell Telephone Companies objected or it was presumed WOULD object. Her white guitarist either had to be replaced or hidden behind a screen.

The times they are a-changin' and we may make this into a better world, but there is a usefulness in memory and the past cannot be denied or forgotten without jeopardizing the present and the future.

HIPPIES: DEATH ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON

Friday, October 6, was a perfect and beautiful day in the Haight-Ashbury, the kind of day it was for January's Human Be-In, the same clear, warm, and perfumed day which graced the Summer Solstice. Yet the event a week and a half ago was not an unfettered celebration, but an almost desperate reaffirmation in a troubled time.

The day was set to mark the Death of the Hippie and the Birth of the Free Man. The messianism of a year before, the fervent belief that the new word could be spread to the country, had borne bitter fruit. Instead of freeing the people, the community had, it believed, become trapped by the publicity that the messianism had created. Words had become labels, ideas become slogans, art become advertising.

The community seemed in danger of losing its identity and becoming a ghetto for a colonial sub-people called hippies. The pressure of exploiters in the press, the recording and movie industries, and business; the constant harassment by the police; the corruption and criminality in the drug trade; the usurping of the forms of the life style by many who knew none of its spirit; and the failure of community efforts like the Medical Clinic—all these were depressing signs of the deterioration of a vision.

So in a spontaneous decision of many community leaders it was seen that what was corrupt had to go. There must be purification.

Purification began with a coffin, built to carry stereotyped hippy artifacts, being paraded at a sunrise ceremony in Buena Vista Park. In the morning there was a kneel-in in front of the

Psychedelic Shop, which had announced its own demise two days before. The kneelers and others swept up Haight Street and offered "Funeral" stickers to cars and passersby.

At 1 p.m. a small group met in the Panhandle to begin a quick-paced and happy march which circled the heart of the press's "Hashbury." The coffin, a long grey box plastered with posters and headed with a black cross, was borne aloft, as was a litter on which lay a young man who remained in a death-like trance even though he came close to being tipped off as his bearers struggled up the Frederick Street hill.

As the mourners, who intermittently chanted, sang, and gossiped among themselves, made their carefree way, they were joined by others until the crowd numbered several hundred. A fine country-style fiddler played without stop, and someone tolled an occasional dirge on an orange-painted trash can lid.

At the end, back in the Pan-

handle, the coffin and litter (without occupant) were ceremonially set aflame, ringed by whooping dancers, who also lept over the fire, and then doused into muddy ash by a truckload of firemen. While some shouted that the firemen should be allowed to do their own thing, most did their best to harass them by forcing money on them and singing snatches of "Smokey the Bear."

When the firemen left, the hundred "free men" who remained scooped up bits of ash as souvenirs, painted their faces with the cinders, danced, then drifted away.

Every moment of the whole proceeding was recorded by the dozens of photographers, reporters, and television men.

In fact, there was nothing to show that those who participated (and those were a tiny percentage of the community) felt much about its meaning. There was no weight to the event, no sense of happening. It was just something to do, something to watch that

particular Friday.

Inevitably, the papers the next day reported that the "hippies" had declared their own death, but that the "hippies" still lived. It will take more than the funeral to rescue the vision.

Hip Pocket

If Philco-Ford has its way, 45's will come in yet another size: smaller. Not only smaller, but "hip-pocket" size, 3 3/8 inches, about the size of a LP label.

Armin E. Allen, of Philco's Electronics Division, is hoping their portability (25 or more fitting into one hip pocket or purse) as well as the portable radio/record player to play them on, will make a new market for the small discs.

Philco-Ford is trying to insure the desirability of their new product by having only Top-10 sellers on both sides of the record. Among the initial releases is an Aretha Franklin 45 with "Respect" on one side, backed with "I Never Loved A Man." Another single is the Doors' "Light My Fire" b/w "Break On Through."

Dealer response has ranged from lukewarm to non-existent. The feeling is that these records, having already hit their sales peak, will have little appeal. Another problem is that record manufacturers with hits are reluctant to share their recordings with another company.

Undaunted, Philco-Ford is proceeding with plans for a \$1 million advertising campaign to launch their new project. Philco-Ford's suggested list price for the wafer-thin "hip-pocket" records is 69 cents.



CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND HIS MAGIC BAND (BDS 5001)





THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW



PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY HACKETT

DONOVAN

Donovan is currently on a tour of the United States that will end in November. Between engagements in various cities throughout the country, he is staying at a rented house on Malibu Beach in Southern California.

Our Los Angeles Correspondent, John Carpenter, met Donovan at a party held in the Malibu house. A few days later Donovan and Carpenter sat down and taped the only lengthy interview that Donovan intends to give during his American tour.

Copyright 1967 by ROLLING STONE

Q. Do you notice any difference in us after eighteen months?

A. Oh, quite a lot of difference. Fantastic; sort of subdued. It's really a lot much more subdued now, after all that drum-bashing and electric guitar twanging. Mind you there's still a few groups that experiment in electrical music, but at least they're getting somewhere. But the audience reaction is fantastic. They're at the end of one busy thing, and now at the beginning of a soft quiet time. This is the change that we're in right now. This is the one I've come to lead in America.

Q. I noticed there was a nice blend at the Hollywood Bowl of what you call soft sound, a very good use of jazz. Is jazz coming

more into your own field of interests?

A. No, I don't listen to a lot of jazz, and I don't intend to listen to a lot of jazz. What I've heard is like Gil Evans and just a few things. Most of the jazz things are things I pick off of my manager who used to be a jazz musician fifteen years ago. I write from my point and my point isn't really jazz. I just call it my music, but I suppose its jazz influenced.

Q. In the beginning of your career you were — I wouldn't say more melodic — you were more folk-inclined. There was less background in your records. I heard your new record the other night. The difference in the sound wasn't so much melodic as that, in your approach to it, you seemed to be more interested in communicating what you have to say.

A. Yes.

Q. Musically, rather than "this is Donovan," it's "Donovan does this thing." Does that come from the freedom of acceptance?

A. Yeah, like it slowly comes and I was just getting nearer and nearer to what a song should be on record. It should be the artist himself. The microphone should be in his mouth and in his head and it should be straight through communication. The albums you heard—one accompanied with groups and one without—the one without holds

more importance as a communicative thing. There's just me and my guitar, that's the way the songs begin: Now there! you sound all right. They go into their different phases of instruments and things. But even when you use a lot of instruments you can still get the communication bit very fine. Every record's different. I'm me anyway, with the guitar, and whatever I use is just how I feel at that time or that year or that month, and I will go on changing and using little different types of instruments.

Q. You played a song Sunday that you composed the day before. Phil Ochs was out here; he said that in London he found melody and here he found words. Do you find that problem? Do you find it's difficult to write in some parts of the world and not others?

A. Yes I do. When I'm working a lot I don't write. I like quiet times, when I'm by myself, but sometimes they just come squeezing out. They come from a source so vast—so many songs are underneath in my head—that I just pull them down and when I feel that they are there I try to put them into something and make them and shape them into songs. But I can write anywhere.

Q. You can write in the back of a bus on a tour?

A. Oh yeah. I don't say say I

write it just floating in my head. Ideas, a week old, a month old, brand new, they all just come together.

Q. You and Bert Jansch are very good friends. "Bert's Blues" and "House of Jansch," are the two songs that come to mind immediately. Could you tell us a little about Bert and yourself? How did you meet? What influence has he had on you and vice versa?

A. I met him when I started singing in pro clubs in London. I used to get into some of the clubs. They didn't let me sing a lot, because I sounded like a cowboy that sang cowboy songs. But Bert's roots are in traditional music, which is great because the traditional music of Scotland is a migratory thing and ended up there. You know, the Arabic influences and Turkish influences and all the Eastern influences all the way through, when you hear bag pipes and things, you can hear that. But Bert is a great revolutionary writer. He's fantastic. Having his roots in traditional music, he had centuries of things to go on. And as to guitar, the Edinburgh Scottish folk singers are about the veterans of the scene. They are all fantastic guitarists. There's another one, Archie Fisher, whom Bert comes from, that thing which you've probably never heard of, but Archie Fisher

is the key man of it all. And he started them all doing it, you know, playing together. But Bert's son was playing solo like myself and he's got a little group with another guy called John Ranbone who's another one of the big guitarists, and they write together and they have a girl singer, a bass player and a drummer, and it's a beautiful sound.

Q. I hate to ask you this, but what comes first, the song or the words?

A. What comes first, the chicken or the egg?

Q. I was asked to ask you that. What is the influence of the American composers, Woodie Guthrie in particular, Dylan, Paul Simon—who said that you and Jansch were the biggest influences on him—what influence did they have on you. Was it more just interest? I don't see any similarity between your styles.

A. At the end of it all, when everyone's finished, I'm looking and finding all the types of different music they want to find. There's only one thing in the end and that's singing truth in a pleasant way. Everyone's striving for this. The influences rebound off each other. When somebody's feeling low, they'll hear somebody else's record. When I hear Dylan's latest record, or Paul's or Bert's, I get sort of an inspiration to go on if I'm feeling dragged, or even go into new things. The influence is so healthy that people shouldn't really call it comparison. That's 'cause everybody's the same anyway. All the writers are trying for the same thing, but they just have their different technicians. They can see their different experiences. Paul is about the nearest, I suppose, in sweetness to me, although he comments a lot politically and cynically, but he's getting into a pleasant thing. We all have our different thing, which is good, but the influence is very helpful.

Q. What helps you get more ideas? When somebody's doing something that you are attempting to go into that you really don't feel like you want to or if somebody else does it and it and it frees you from that kind of...

A. The subject is, as I say, one thing anyway. It's true the subject is one thing. But it's all these minstrels just writing down the happenings as they go along and the dreams of what will be. We can all see the different dreams we've got. I've got a very wide horizon on how things will be and so I'm into people. So when you study the man and the woman you can get a great sort of command of emotion with your poetry. You sort of paint for a girl—her hangups and her sadness and her happiness and the man. It's great, it's very, very helpful.

Q. By opening yourself up in this way, to other people in order to give back to them, do you find at the end of, say, the Bowl appearance—I saw you come off stage and I've never seen a happier man. You were laden down with beads. You grabbed a girl who was trying to grab you and kiss you, and you grabbed her and kissed her back, and shocked her to death. Do you find that euphoria makes all of the bull that comes out of a tour—which there is a certain amount of, the people who will ask you what you had for breakfast sort of thing coming at you—does it really make it worth while?

A. Yeah. This is the first tour that ever began which I knew

had a direction and which I knew how to do. All the dates we will be doing are so beautiful because the whole thing is successful in as much as I sang what I felt, and thousands of people returned it like a mirror. I can feel it, it's a concentration of energy, you see, and when people get butterflies before they go on, it's the fear of the concentration. But when I go on, I take it and suck it in and breathe it all in and when it breathes into me—this is how political leaders were made, like Hitler and things. They get the concentrations of the mass and therefore they can work miracles with the people. But I do it for good which is even more potent. I suck it in and when I pull it back out through the songs, they're even more powerful. And this is just saying that everybody is agreeing. It's just a big agreement and when people agree there's a happier thing than when they disagree. The whole audience agrees with me and it returns and the end of it is such a climax and crescendo, it's so beautiful. It's a peaceful thing. The softer you sing the louder you're heard.

Q. When you're singing what you call soft songs, you're expressing what you call 'love power,' or whatever you want to call it. Don't you think that's expressing a pretty potent political attitude as well, in view of what it's becoming?

A. Well, of course. Woody Guthrie's thing was then. His part in the tree was then and he is so important there. And we're the next, we're up here, you know we're the next few branches and it's just blossomed and we're getting very near the flower. The flower is very near. I can see it. 'Love power,' 'flower power' and all that, are inadequate phrases to try to say how big this movement is because it began a long, long time ago. Such a growth, and it grows anyway. The only thing is that it gets halted with wars, and people tend to think that it's a new thing, when it's really an ancient thing. I see a flower; this is the most important thing. This civilization is going to see a civilization that was India, and Egypt and was all these places, and to be in the beginning of one of them, making it, is such a gas. Nobody's aware of it, but in time... You see all this civilization has to go. It will go. It will fall because it is very loosely built. There's no basis, there's no faith. There's no rock; it's not built up. It's on sand and it'll sink. But what's being built in the hearts of youth is a strong foundation, for a good life.

Q. You weren't nervous then, in the sense most people get stage fright before the Bowl?

A. Yeah, well no. San Francisco, I just done it as another date. I felt that L.A. began me, really. A couple of years ago they gave me a great beginning and I feel for L.A. a lot. So I wanted to give as much as I could. But when I go on stage everything is good. I mean you're so far away from the audience that the communication was the mike. That was my best friend on stage 'cause I could sing as soft as I wanted and the whole audience understood. Beautiful things happened, like rain began to fall, which told me that I had to sing a song which is called "To Try for the Sun" which mentions where I used to stand in the rain with my friend, Gypsy. I felt him there—he's in England—and I felt him

strong at that point and the rain began to fall. It was a very magic thing for me and that was a big climax in the thing. The rain began to fall very prettily. Everything was perfect. It was a fantastic concert.

Q. I hear the word "magic" applied to you more than any other performer. Your father said a really beautiful thing at the party: "I knew that Donovan had magic when his mother placed him in my arms."

A. I don't think that I make it. I don't think it's like a reincarnation thing, but it's in the blood of my race. My race is pretty pure. It's Celtic, Scottish and the minstrelsy. The magic that you hear in tales and things was all based around the Celtic mythology of England which is Tolkien, the Lord of the Rings. I just drain from that source. I just drain everything. So the magic is here. We are magic. It is magic that we're walking around. It's fantastic magic. Some people would call it miracles; I like to call it magic.

Q. You're a rarity and you're aware of it.

A. Yes, I'm very aware of this. Yes, the more aware I get the more I can understand how big it is, how big it'll get. It'll be harder to comprehend, that's why I have to go along with it, 'cause it's so vast. To say to somebody that God is everything that lives and that ever has lived and ever will live and you're never going to touch and see, smell and be everything that is God. Magic is very hard to comprehend. Everyone's on their own, but they're not.

Q. I have an itinerary for you here that looks incredible.

A. We've never done this much work before.

Q. You went to San Francisco

at 7:00 p.m. and came back at 10:00 p.m., isn't that correct?

A. Yeah.

Q. You just can't walk down the street.

A. I'd like to find the time. I wanted to go into the beatnik bit of San Francisco. I'd love to go into some of these psychedelic temples and sing softness and change the vibrations 'cause they're very sort of metallic and gritty and hard and they need to be a bit purer. I'd love to do that but we haven't had time. But I'm going back. I want to do that.

Q. It's probably because of that methedrine problem.

A. Some, yes. It's so very fast that they think that if they rebel they have to cut off and put down society. They have to cut off and enhance the society.

Q. Was that the great success of the bowl?

A. Yes.

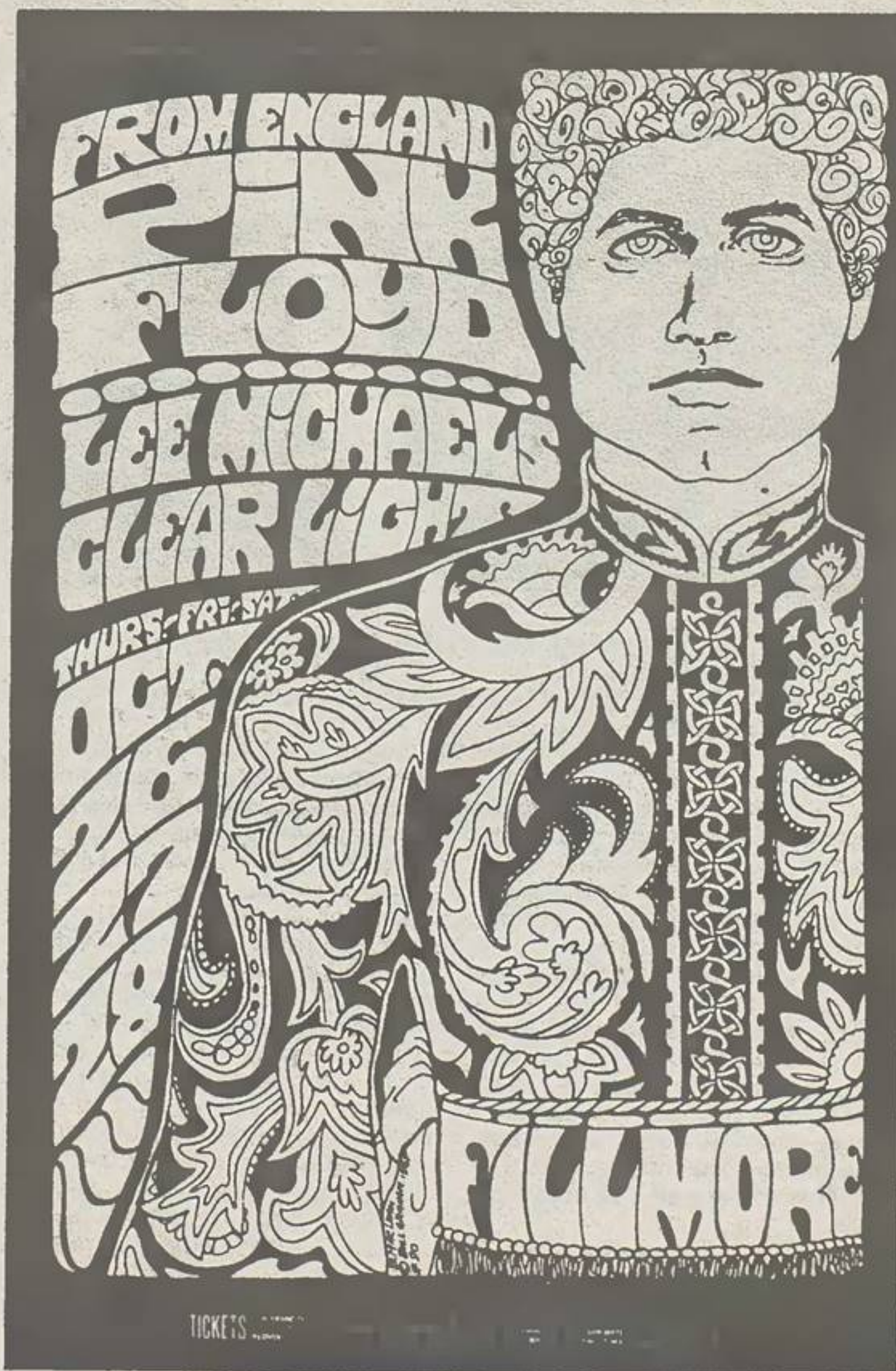
Q. Putting out the softness to these kids?

A. Yes, to everybody, not just the kids, everybody can take it. Like when George Harrison walked into the Haight-Ashbury district you know, he just said the right things. It was beautiful. It was all there, you know, it was nice.

Q. I understand you go to Amsterdam quite often.

A. Yeah, I drop over there, you know, to earn a few bob and things. That's money and ah, but...

INCREDIBLE, BUT THERE'S EVEN MORE. In the next issue the Donovan interview continues. He talks about Gypsy Dave, the Mahareshi, the Bob Dylan film, a fairy tale film he is making himself and ah, but...





'I feel I want to be them all—painter, writer, actor, singer, player, musician ...'



'I want to see which one turns me on and what I'll be like when I've done it.'

John Lennon, in *How I Won the War*, which has its American premiere at the San Francisco Film Festival this week, plays the role of Private Gripweed. Gripweed is a mincing little fascist in a British platoon during World War II. Michael Crawford, as Lieutenant Goodbody, is the star of the film and Lennon is co-equal with about five others on a second level of importance. However you are aware of him as John Lennon from the moment he first appears in the background.

The story is about how Goodbody won the war. It begins in training at a Sandhurst-like academy in Britain where a weird platoon of citizens are learning how to be soldiers. From there

they follow a bizarre route through the desert of North Africa (when you hear the theme from *Lawrence of Arabia*.) The film ends up at a post-war London re-union with the two remaining members of the platoon.

John Lennon is not at the re-union. He ended up somewhere in Normandy with a bloody hole in his stomach. "I always knew I was going to die," he says.

The film is more like a puppet play than a war movie. It is filled with flashbacks, flash-forwards, flashes in general and a platoon of soldiers, none of whom have the vaguest idea what any of the others are doing. For instance, John Lennon could care less; all he does is go around picking up Nazi medals in the sand and pins

them on his fellow soldiers. (At one point he sets off a flare which gives his platoon's position and at another time he empties the platoon's water supply. Really, though, they're patriotic gestures.)

Each member of the platoon operates on an *a priori* set of values different from any of the others'. The movie takes place on all of those dozen levels. One by one they began to die. After dying, each character reappears dressed in a World War I outfit and painted with some shade of pastel. They become angels. The mission of the platoon is to lay out a cricket pitch behind enemy lines.

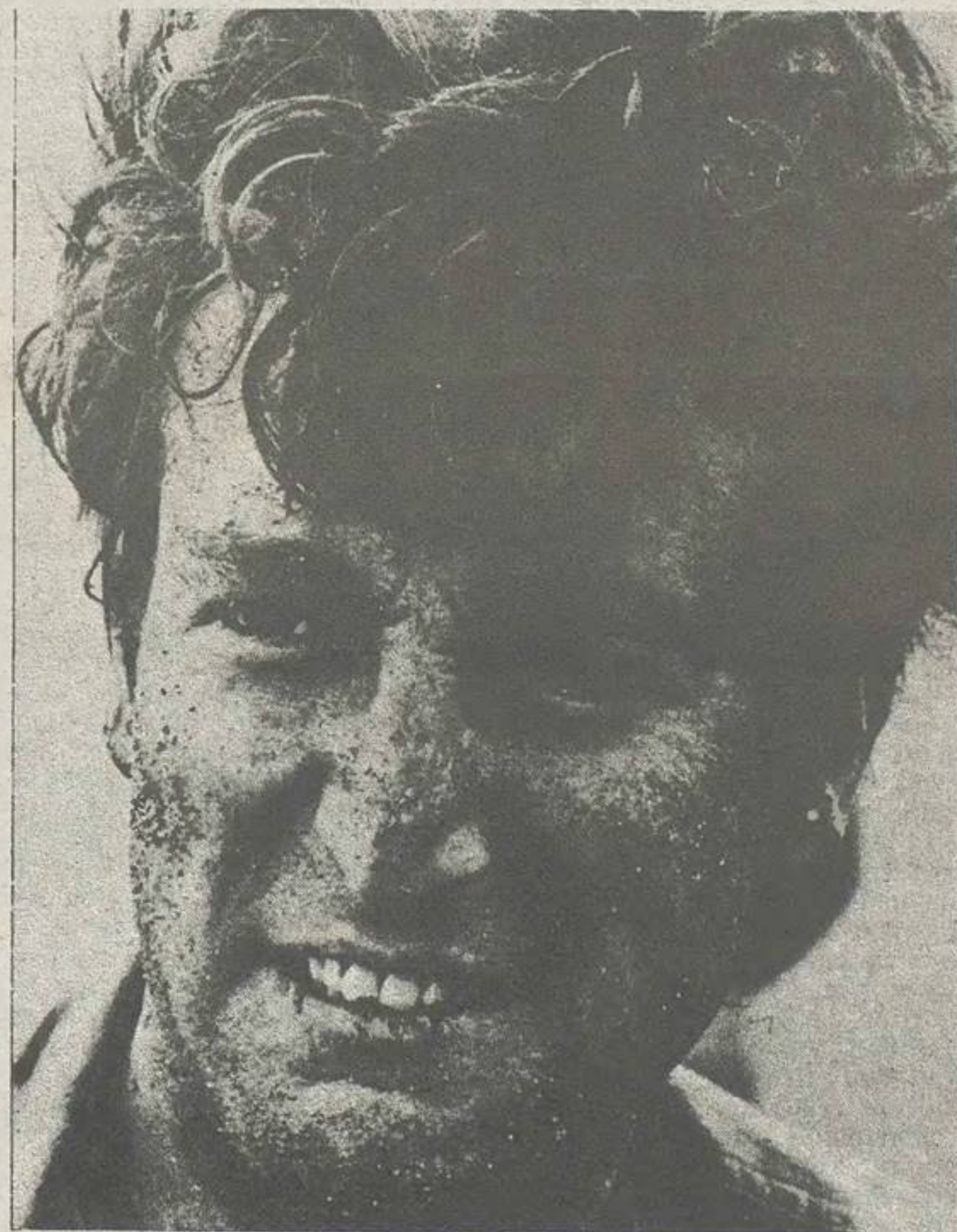
The primary mood of the film is morbid. There's a lot of bleed-

ing and amputating and one person gets run over by a tank. It's all pointless because that's the point of the film. As a director, Lester hasn't done anything very new: the use of colors, the editing, the directing, the writing has all been seen in his previous films or the films of others.

He has, however, made a film which the British censorship board won't allow to be seen by people under sixteen.

Sometimes the movie gets a little exhausting. But it's definitely something to see: John Lennon is a good actor and the very last scene is, by itself, more frightening than all the brutality in the rest of the movie. Michael Crawford's face ages thirty years in two seconds.

—J.W.



The Most Unusual, Most Provocative Record Album Of The Year!



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BY JON LANDAU

It is only natural that as part of the overall experimentation going on in pop, attempts at using new combinations of instruments would be tried. The earlier pop groups of the new wave, starting with the Beatles, the Animals, the Stones, and the Beach Boys, were all four-instrument groups, and tended to influence others in that direction. But from the beginning some American groups have attempted to enlarge this concept.

Over two years ago Paul Butterfield was touring with six instrumentalists, and soon after that the Blues Project emerged with five.

The result has been a certain denseness in the music of these expanded ensembles, with the West Coast in particular developing an ornamental sound, emphasizing lots of embellishment, and lots of interaction among soloists.

Oddly, in England the trend has been in the other direction. The Who, the current Yardbirds, the Cream, and Jimi Hendrix are all three-instrument groups. They represent attempts to tighten the music, to eliminate the superfluous, and to get closer to the mythical nitty-gritty. In some cases they are going so far as to eliminate the distinction between background and foreground sounds.

In considering the work of two major new trios, the Cream and Jimi Hendrix, it must be remembered that there is no point in eliminating the rhythm instrument if it is a group's intention to play the kind of rock in which it is important to have one. Any rock form in which there is a solo-accompaniment idea, such as the blues, or hard rock, will require more than a bass and drums for rhythm. It is therefore self-defeating to start a three-man group to play those types of music. Hendrix has been more successful in realizing this and in using the three-instrument idea more meaningfully.

Eric Clapton, of the Cream, is still very tied to the blues and doesn't seem to know which way to go. On the *Fresh Cream* album he fools around with attempts to make the straight three-man thing work but dubs a fourth instrument on several tracks. The results are pretty confusing.

First of all, in terms of his own performance, when he does a straight blues he sounds bored. He has done it all before and it isn't likely that he will soon surpass his blues playing on cuts like "Have You Heard" from the Blues Breakers album. Hence, on a cut like the totally charming "Sleepy Time Time" he doesn't really get into it. Most of the instrumental excitement of the cut is instead created by Jack Bruce's full and imaginative bass playing. Bruce's bass is recorded very loud to compensate for the lack of rhythm, yet the total sound remains thin and, on this cut, the fourth instrument is very much needed.

On another blues cut, Muddy Waters' "Rolling and Tumbling," they try it without a bass. Guitar, harp, by Jack Bruce, and vocal all play identical lines in an attempt to create a harsh, unified, violent effect. It is a good attempt at a three-instrument thing, but unfortunately, Bruce's poor harp solo destroys the concept and prevents the cut from fulfilling itself. (It is absolutely beyond me how three such technically gifted musicians were un-

able to spot this fact in listening to the playbacks.)

On "Four Until Late" the group turns in a tight but conventional performance which is quite effective, without relying on dubbing a second guitar. And on "Cat's Squirrel" they get into a real three-instrument thing and it works wonderfully, giving us a real taste of Clapton's marvelous chord style.

The real standout on the album is "I'm So Glad," primarily because it is one of Eric's few really creative moments on this record, and because the vocal arrangement is so fine. His solo is beautifully constructed and shows off his capacity to improvise harmonically off the melody line to excellent advantage. Few rock guitarists have this capacity and none more so than

find it aesthetically advantageous to add another instrument. If not, then perhaps they will evolve their own version of a three-instrument group, in which case, with their vast individual talents, they will really come up with something.

On the British *Are You Experienced?* album there is a straight blues called "Red House." Prior to his guitar solo on that cut, Jimi Hendrix announces, "I've still got my guitar." It's a good thing, because Jimi is neither a great song-writer nor an extraordinary vocalist.

He is, however, a great guitarist and a brilliant arranger. On "Red House," the only straight blues he has recorded, (He wrote it himself, but it sounds like B.B. King) he establishes himself as an absolute master of that musi-

amount of dubbing, he has given us the first really new sound in this idiom since the Who's first album with its "Out in the Streets," and "My Generation."

Jimi relies exclusively on his drummer, Mitch Mitchell, for his whole rhythm concept. Mitchell has clearly been influenced by the best of all British drummers, the Who's Keith Moon, and goes after that heavy metallic tone that Moon introduced two years ago. He is an extremely busy drummer who has better technique than most and a very clear concept what he is trying to do.

Noel Redding is likewise a fine bass player and rhythm guitarist, but unlike Jack Bruce, he doesn't feel the need to compensate for the lack of another rhythm instrument and therefore tends to limit the range of his playing a great deal more.

And then there is Jimi himself who feeds and fuzzes just about everything, knows every gimmick in the book, and has a fantastic touch. On some of the cuts he goes to a bassier guitar sound than is usual for this kind of playing, ("The Wind Cries Mary") and on some cuts he concentrates on just a few lengthily sustained notes, ("Fire") but on most of the others he just pulls out the stops and what results is indescribable.

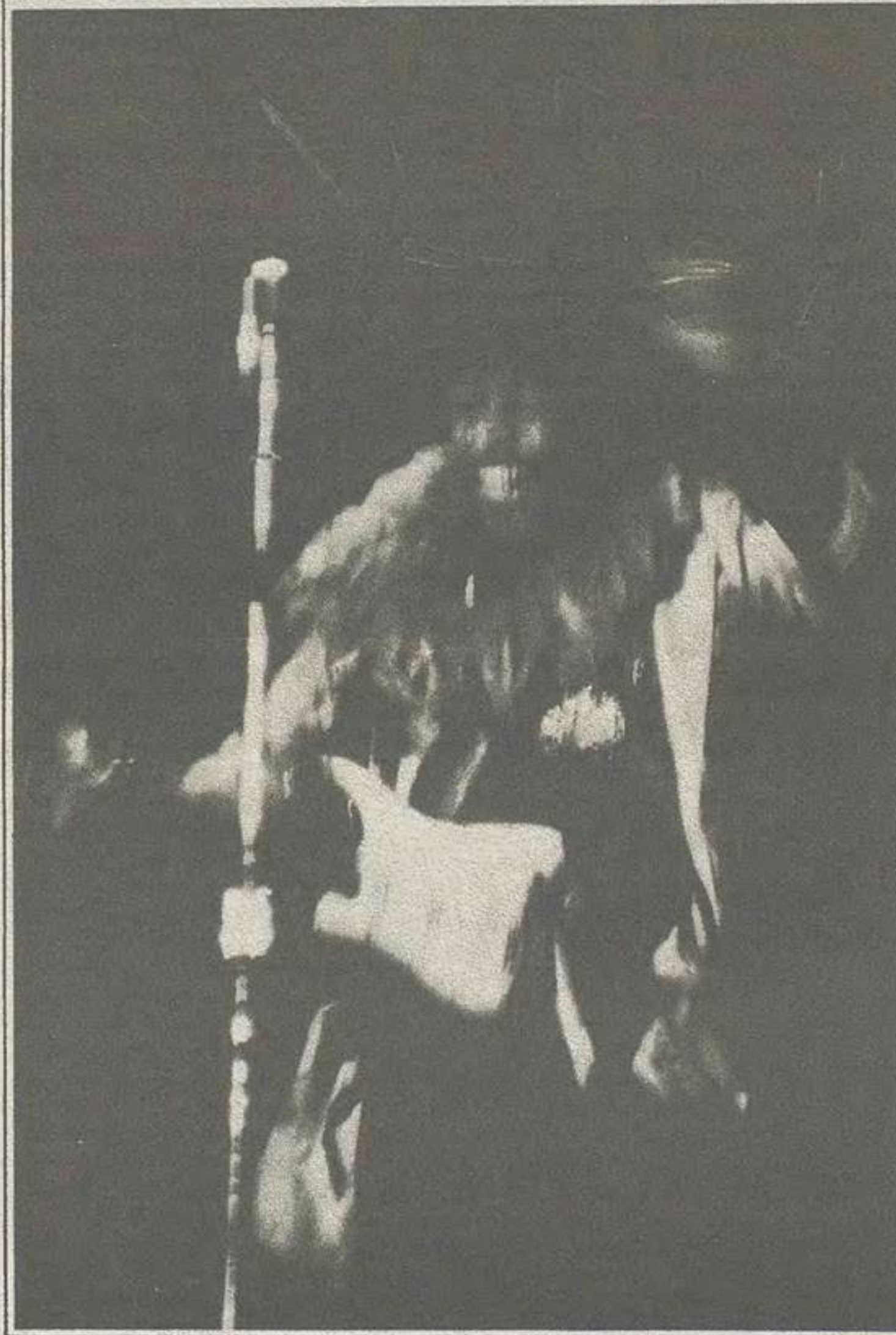
"Purple Haze" is the perfect beginning for this album because the intro is a perfect expression of Jimi's charismatic style. In words it seems to be saying, "Now, dig this." There is no real sense of foreground-background once Jimi starts to sing on the cut, as is often the case. Only on "Hey Joe" and "The Wind Cries Mary" does Jimi play in a more conventional style and on these cuts he gives us a brief taste of his melodic sense—on the solos, which in both cases is perfect. On the latter he uses the eclectic perfectly, placing a country and western based guitar solo right where it belongs.

Everything else is insane and simply a matter of either you dig it or you don't. Basically I don't for several reasons. Despite Jimi's musical brilliance and the group's total precision, the poor quality of the songs, and the inanity of the lyrics, too often get in the way. Jimi is very much into state-of-mind type lyrics, but even so, lines like "Manic depression is a frustrating mess," just don't make it. It is one thing for Jimi to talk arrogantly, and without any pretense at artistry; it's another to write lyrics in that fashion. In this context "I Don't Live Today" can be seen as both the best and worst cut on the album. The best because it is performed with such exquisite precision and control, and the worst because what Jimi is trying to get across is such a drag: "There's no life nowhere."

On the *Are You Experienced* album Jimi has made a tremendous technical advance in the use of three instruments. The superfluous has been eliminated, the tightness of the arrangements is total, the ornament and the background-foreground concept have been limited, if not eliminated, and the level of individual virtuosity is extraordinarily high. But, in Jimi's case, the sum total of all this is pure violence. Above all this record is unrelentingly violent, and, lyrically, inartistically violent at that.

Dig it if you can, but as for me, I'd rather hear Jimi play the blues.

HENDRIX AND CLAPTON



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANN WENNER

Clapton. However, on the solo he felt the need to dub a second guitar which again illustrates the limits of three instruments for this kind of material.

As good as Ginger Baker is on the drums, he can be faulted for failing to move out in the manner of Keith Moon, or Mitch Mitchell, when the group's instrumental sound takes off.

When the Cream does make good music, as on their last single, "Strange Brew," it isn't because they are doing anything really new, but because they are doing the old thing, the blues, extremely well. And to work in this idiom they know they need the extra guitar and dub it in to give the arrangement more substance.

Ultimately the Cream will have to decide if this is what they want to continue to do or not. If they do, they may eventually

cal form. The blues and hard rock used to be Jimi's forte when he toured the country in bands fronted by Little Richard and Joey Dee, the latter being the place where Felix Cavaliere and Eddie Brigati got their starts, but he is no longer interested in those seemingly limited musical forms. In a way it's a shame because for me this simple little blues is the most exciting cut he's yet recorded. Even Jimi seems to realize this when he says to the engineer, at the end of the cut, with the smug confidence that has become his trademark, "How about that one?"

On the American album we find a totally unified presentation of a sound altogether different from that of "Red House." Unlike Clapton, Jimi really does think in terms of three instruments, and despite some small



TOTEM I



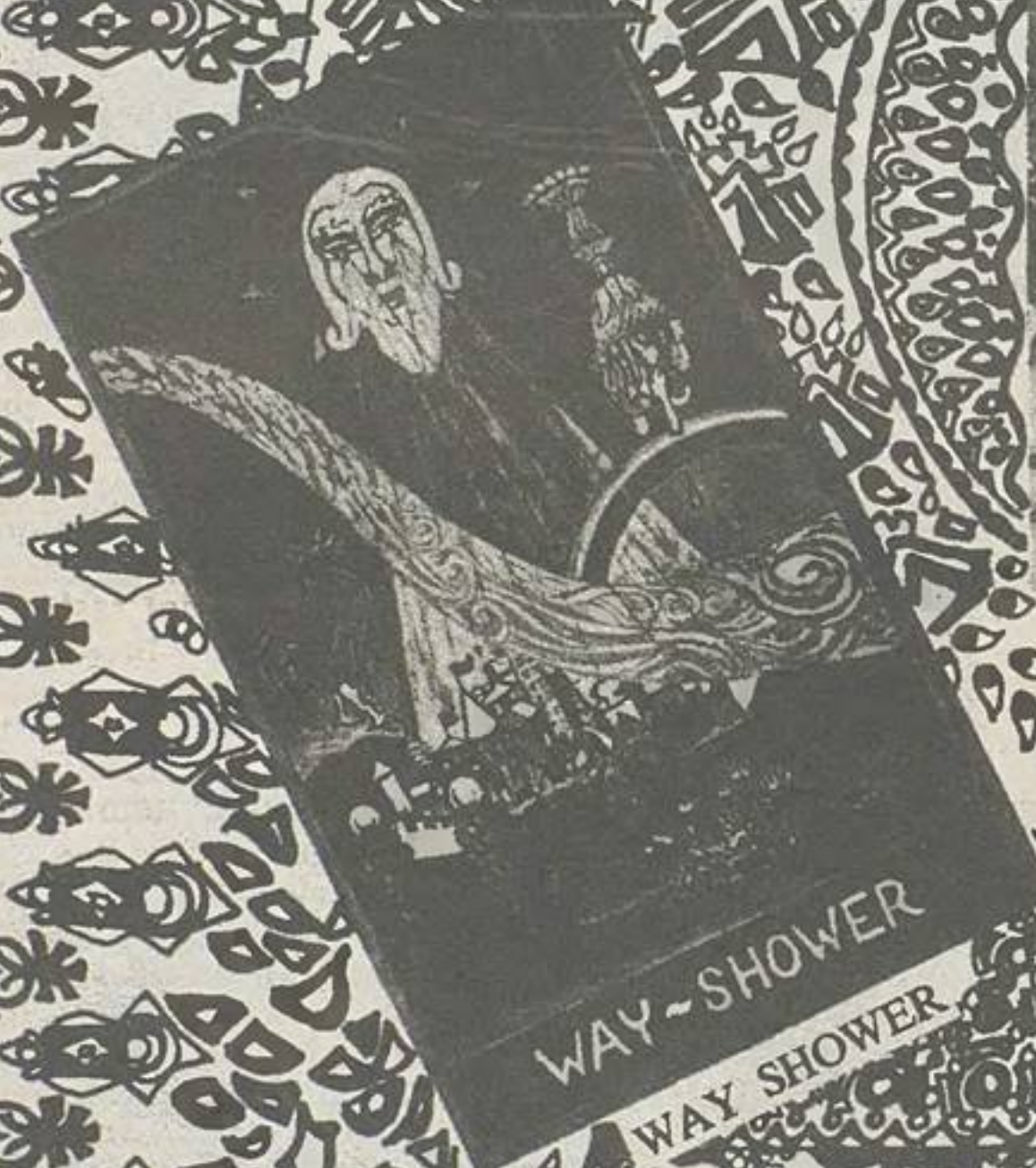
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RECORDS



BY JANN WENNER

Alice's Restaurant, Arlo Guthrie (Reprise 6267)

First, take a look at the cover of the album. Seated at a dining table set with candles, three glasses, cigarettes and three plates for an elegant dinner is Arlo Guthrie. Arlo, incredibly dopey-looking, wearing a black formal derby hat on top of his sloppy long curly hair, is holding a fork and knife in each hand like a hillbilly, and has no shirt on but for a napkin pasted to his chest.

If you don't dig the cover, which is incredibly funny looking, then don't listen to the title song of the record, "Alice's Restaurant Massacre" which is 18 minutes long and takes up all of one side.

The composition, done in a very happy talking-blues style, is the true story of how 20-year old Arlo was arrested for littering, went through a draft physical and was rejected because of his police record for littering. Naturally it is a little more complex than that, and it is vastly funny on a dozen rehearsals. Arlo sings and talks against a pretty guitar chord melody he wrote and ultimately brings the whole audience (recorded live), into singing the chorus "You

can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant."

What makes the artist so thoroughly charming on the cover photo is the same unconscious insouciance that makes "Alice's Restaurant Massacre"—a type of piece that, at this point in musical history, would seem to be totally out of date, trite and boring — an unqualified and complete success.

It is another one of those coincidences — inexplicably except by belief in them—that Woodie Guthrie's son, whom Arlo is, should be born into his musical career via this, his first album, on the eve of his father's death. There is something happening here and it is obvious.

There is a flip side to the album. The appearance of the cover and the title song leaves you completely unprepared for the other songs Arlo has written.

Arlo Guthrie is eclectic; he has gathered ideas and snatches of styles from many places — Bob Dylan, Donovan, Tim Hardin, Paul McCartney. The influences include his father and the entire folk milieu of Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, Sonny Terry et al, in which he was raised. In fact, the album was produced by Fred Hellerman, who sang with the Weavers.

Arlo has not done anything imitative; his eclecticism is of the sort where what you hear and what is happening enters as perfectly natural. For example, the style of melody in "Highway in the Wind" is reminiscent of Donovan and the accompanying quiet electric guitar and soft percussion calls to mind Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home* days. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the organist on the session was Al Kooper. (Some hip radio Program Director is going to make a name for himself when he discovers the obvious Top-40 potential of some of these tracks, like "Now and Then.")

The lyrics are excellent. Take the lines from "Chilling of the Evening," itself a perfect title:

Though you know, my love
That I must go away
Following the winds that blow
inside me;
I've nowhere left to run or hide
Except if you will come and run

Beside me.

And even if you do
There'll be a lot for us to do
To keep believing, yes
Take me from the chillin'
of the evening.

Also included on the second side are "Ring-Around-a-Rosy Rag," and "The Motorcycle Song," humorously done songs in funky, but contemporary idiom. One must rarely use the word, but the songs, especially the gentler ones, are beautiful.

Arlo Guthrie has recorded what seems to be two separate sets of songs even though one can easily see the single origin of all of them. It is his first album and it is without qualification excellent.



The Sopwith Camel (Kama Sutra KLPS 8060)

The Sopwith Camel began playing gigs as a group in the spring of 1966 in San Francisco. Early that summer they signed with Erik Jacobsen, then the producer of the Lovin' Spoonful, and split for New York under his direction to record and play at the Nite Owl Cafe.

The record they made was "Hello, Hello," which was high on the national charts. The next time they were seen in San Francisco was on a concert with the Beach Boys at the Civic Auditorium. Then they returned to New York to record an album, and issued "Postcard From Jamaica," a single with little commercial potential. In the past month they have returned to San Francisco, presumably to stay, and are accompanied by their first album and Erik Jacobsen,

who's also here to stay.

Although they could be called a San Francisco group, they are not part of that amorphous phenomenon known as the San Francisco Sound. They opted out and should not be judged as a local group. It is not what they appear to be aiming for in their musical expression: their album contains only one song, "Cellophane Woman," from their pre-New York repertoire.

What the Sopwith Camel does comes from an older and funkier bag than we usually see in a new rock and roll group. Jacobsen, a professed devotee of country and western string bands, has exerted a tremendous influence and brought out all those qualities in the group.

The soft-toned lead singer, Peter Kramer, is brought out to great advantage. On the other hand, in a song like "Walk in the Park," where the title is almost a giveaway, the Spoonful (or Jacobsen?) feeling is obvious. It's well done, but it's not John Sebastian.

William Seiver's piece, "Cellophane Woman," is distinctly original, using both blues patterns and electronics. It is much different from the rest of the album but has the same obvious single potential as Kramer's "The Great Morpheum." Currently the B side of their current single, "Morpheus," is from the shadowy piano-opus school of Procol Harum.

Throughout the collection of songs you find occasional pieces of light but tasty guitar breaks. In "Saga of the Lowdown Letdown," which has a terrible spoken intro guitarist Terry McNeil puts the volume-sustained note effect to work on an essentially country and western run for excellent effect and a very happy sound.

As a whole, the record is not exactly here nor totally there, but it is a good start. The tunes are all original; much of the instrumentation, if not virtuoso, is fresh, and the production and arrangement is precise and funky. It won't break any sales or popularity records because what they do doesn't seem to be what's musically happening right now. But it's mostly their own, and in view of that, quite well done.

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"Tomorrow's Sound Today"

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Chuck Berry Live at the Fillmore, Chuck Berry and the Steve Miller Blues Band (Mercury SR 61138)

How strangely a matter of fate it is that the first album recorded live in San Francisco should be at the Fillmore Auditorium, that it should be of Chuck Berry who created this all and that he should be backed up by a group of musicians who have learned it from him, grown up and migrated to San Francisco to breathe new life into what Berry and all of them laid down so many years ago.

The promotion man laid a slightly defective copy of it on us, so we can't hear all of Bill Graham's spoken introduction, but, then, that's fate too. Facts: the album was done over a six-day period this summer. The personnel of the Miller Band at that time included Curly Jim Cooke who has since left the group. Chuck Berry: do you really know all about him?

Unfortunately this album does not tell us much. Berry has already recorded one re-make of his great hits and it was poor. If you're looking for the Chuck Berry standards, the album you must get is a two record set with 24 songs Chuck Berry's Golden Decade, Chess LPS 1514D.

Berry was wise not to attempt a live re-creation of his standards. Since his limited return to show-biz, though, he has not come up with any singularly new material. What he did was great, but since that time the generation that he raised has learned well and, as he would no doubt applaud, moved far ahead. Consequent-

ly, what is new on the record is not interesting as material; the style is familiar but old, and since Berry — one of the most original guitarists of his time — never was and still isn't a very good technician, the guitar playing is just not very interesting.

On this record Berry pretty much sticks to Chicago style blues. The most interesting cuts are the instrumentals where Berry applies his rock guitar to Chicago blues and the Steve Miller Band comes into the foreground.

"Driftin' Blues," is a Paul Butterfield Band-type number, and not badly done here. "It Hurts Me Too," a duet with Steve, is the most successful of the tracks, although Steve seems to be pushing into the foreground. The closing track is a gas; the French goodbye which flashes into "Johnny B. Good" is so much a part of Berry's ever-present beauty—the elegance, the aura, his own self-confidence and Johnny B. Good who is, in fact, Chuck Berry himself.

The main interest of the recording is in the backing and as a curiosity. If you judge the album on the basis of what's happening today, the judgment isn't favorable.



Singles:

"Groovin' Is Easy," The Electric Flag, An American Music Band (Columbia 4-44307)

Mike Bloomfield's new band has come up with a powerhouse Memphis-style blues for their first record (out-

side of the soundtrack to *The Trip*.) Nick the Greek Gravenites provides a melodic vocal to the song written by friend Ron Polte, manager of the Quicksilver Messenger Service. It is of the Stax-Volt school, with blaring brass lines, Barry Goldberg's organ, Harvey Brook's bass, and Buddy Miles' drums. Bloomfield stays in the background except during the bridge, a sort of Scottish Highland-like sound. Best word to describe the single: "Heavy." B/W "Over Loving You," a Bloomfield composition sung by Buddy Miles.

"Hole In My Shoe," Traffic (United Artists 50218)

Finally released in this country, the first recording of Stevie Winwood's new three-man group, Traffic. It opens with a sitar, contains electronics, violins, flutes, heavily-echoed choruses and a bridge spoken by a four-year-old girl, all against steady 4/4 drumming. "I looked in the sky/where an elephant's eye/was looking at me/from a bubble gum tree/and all that I knew/was that the hole in my shoe/was letting in water."

If music connotes the elements, the sitar is the instrument which most nearly approximates rain, and is very well used here. The composition is inventively done and tightly put together. B/W "Smiling Phases," in which Stevie takes the vocal in a more typical Winwood style, fronted by choruses and eastern-influenced guitar.

"Hold On," The Fascinations, (Mayfield 7718)

A rhythm and blues in the Aretha Franklin mold. The lead singer is backed by a three-voice chorus and the usual instrumentation. The opening riff is like "I Never Loved a Man". The Curtis Mayfield production combines enough other elements to provide a distinct piece but still able to move with a market in love with Aretha.

"Wayfaring Stranger," H. P. Lovecraft (Phillips 40491)

Mystery organ against a folk beat and melody. A high soprano comes in on the choruses of this new all-male group. Strange but quite nice.

In fact, the song is pretty standard arrangement of Burl Ives' song, last heard done by the Limelighters. Folkrock lives!

B/W "The Time Machine," an original composition based on the works of H. P. Lovecraft and E. C. Wells, sung through a megaphone and accompanied by ragtime piano.

"From the Underworld," The Herd Fontana 1602)

This one is English, verbally derivative of Procol Harum, musically derivative of the Beatles, specifically "Penny Lane." The brass figures in the breaks are much like that Liverpool street known in word and song. The piece opens with church bells. The lyric is based around the myth of Orpheus, a singer who comes to his end at the hands of a band of screaming women. Good record. B/W "Sweet William," an old-timey rocker with piano lines consciously lifted from "Bumble Bee Boogie" and an incredibly typical bass line.

Hendrix Hold

Jimi Hendrix has developed a new twist to his flaming stage act. You will recall that Jimi already took guitar smashing one step further at the Monterey Pop Festival by setting his axe on fire. Last week in London, at the end of his final number, "Wild Thing," Jimi bashed his guitar, knocked over his amplifiers and then bodily assaulted his bass player, Noel Redding, wrestling him to the floor.

Limited supply of Donovan Souvenir Books from the Cow Palace concert. New photos and original verses. Every page full color, including an original drawing by Jefferson Airplane. Available by money order (\$1.50) from: The Hollywood Reporter, 6715 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90028.

WILD BILL HALEY STILL ROCKING AWAY

There he was, Wild Bill Haley, fifteen years older but not showing a day of it, his spit curl firmly in place on the forehead of his chubby face, standing on the tiny, red-fringed stage of the Cellar, a funky little club two blocks off the main drag in Reno.

He sounded good. Brought on stage with the rousing "King of Rock and Roll!" introduction of sax man Rudy Pompelli (one of the original Comets), and scattered clapping by the late thirties crowd, he socked his way through "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" and "At The Ball Tonight" as if he had never sung them before.

On the classics there were no concessions to time. The black Gibson flashed in his heavy Presleyesque dips and his eyes beamed a hillbilly insouciance. On "Rudy's Rock" from the film "Rock Around the Clock," Pompelli frantically sawed the air with his tenor, and funnyman bassist Al Rappa (the other remaining original Comet) did his classic turns that included playing his white and polka dotted bass like a guitar, spinning it around the dance floor, and finally climbing on it, keeping the beat all the time.

But nightclubs aren't museums, and the six man band threw in "Shadow of Your Smile," "Speedy Gonzales," "Memphis," "Caravan" (with a ten minute drum solo), "Green Onions," and "Kansas City," for the lovers, the twisters, and the cabaret buffs, all plus a few jokes and audience



introductions to keep everything homey. But when it came time to ride out of the set, they came back with the old style on the obligatory "Rock Around the Clock," the whole band, done up in beige tuxedo jackets with bow ties neat under the collars, dipping in unison on the beat.

That's the way it has been for Bill Haley since he dropped from sight in 1954. Without a break he's been traveling 45 weeks a year around the States and Eu-

rope and, increasingly, in South America. He just turned 39 but has no retirement plans. "We'll tour as long as we are popular," he said during the break. "I'll be here as long as they want me."

He seems, and professes to be, a happy man, with no bitterness and no regrets. "We premiered it," he said as Aretha Franklin turned on the jukebox, "we put country and western together with rhythm and blues and that was rock. The first three years

were ours, all ours, until Presley came along."

Now he's a bit out of touch. Asked about rock today he replied, "I don't like the message songs very much. I never did them myself. I thought songs should just be music." Of the new groups he has heard he likes the Jefferson Airplane and Spencer Davis.

A Detroit native, Haley now has his home in Mexico City. His Mexican wife travels with him. Besides his show money (better abroad than here), he says he has "an annuity" in the films and records which are still getting new fans.

Haley doesn't figure that he will be playing for dwindling numbers of the middle aged for ever. He noted the mention of his name in the Time cover story on the Beatles, knows that his movies make the Late Show rounds, and has seen Chuck Berry's revival.

"We're going through the same period that Sinatra and Armstrong went through," he said at the Cellar's damp and slightly greasy bar, "you're up, you're down, and if you were good in the first place, you make it back. We'll be there." He mentioned his forthcoming single, "Rock on Jealous Heart," and was off to his dressing room.

"One thing about Bill," said Mac Cleod admiringly, "He cares."

—M.L.

LONDON: WHO, MOVE, FLOYD

BY NICK JONES

The Move have been in court, over the promotion of their latest release "Flowers In The Rain." The group sent out a postcard-sized promo thing which got British Prime Minister Harold Wilson a bit angry. He found it rather libelous and slapped an injunction on the group, their manager Tony Secunda, the artist, the printers and so on, to prevent them from distributing it. The case came up last week and the Move had to step down—which they did most gracefully, smiling inwardly and saying "We're very sorry, won't do it again, didn't realize the card was so scandalous," and all that.

They have now got to donate all the proceeds and royalties from "Flowers In The Rain" to two charities Harold named, because the card ultimately advertised the record—when you

got past the drawing of Harold making up to his secretary. However the Move are revelling in all this publicity and high court drama and reckon it's all been most worthwhile. They are going to rush release a new record called "Cherry Blossom Clinic" about a lunatic asylum in the country—and they don't plan for Harold Wilson to get his hands on anymore of their bread.

The Who are back in town looking shattered, but thinking straight, after their long, hard American tour. "I Can See For Miles" is released here this week and the rejuvenated, youthful Who sound is going to pin back a few ears. Playing to fresh, enthusiastic U.S. audiences has given the Who a lot of inspiration and a better perspective of themselves. Townshend was knocked out by their Fillmore gig, the standard of the equipment, and the people. He's got a whole lot of new ideas to shake up the increasingly blasé British fans and the group's new album, *The Who Sell Out*, is going to start a lot of new things.

Vanilla Fudge have been involved in some strange lunacy since their arrival a couple of weeks ago. They pulled out of their British Tour with Traffic and Tomorrow after the opening concert. Apparently organist Mark Stein freaked right out. The group didn't dig having such a short spot so now they're going to play a few cooler club gigs and probably appear with the Who at the Saville Theatre in London on October 22. They'll be able to do the entire of the first half at the Saville and get well into their groove so we may



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still in the beyond in the form
of ideas that have yet to
become real.*

—I Ching: the Creative

KRLA, 1110 AM
Los Angeles



yet hear good Fudge under the right conditions.

Talking of right conditions, UFO, London's first major underground club has closed down. UFO was the first club to use light shows, stay open all night, and the first to offer England the psychedelic, progressive pop and jazz groups. Every Friday UFO used to buzz with beautiful people and it was, at times, an unbeatable scene.

Organizer Joe Boyd, an American, says it may or may not reopen, somewhere else altogether. UFO hadn't done well since most of the groovy groups realized they could, at last, play all over England. As we only have a few worthwhile psychedelic groups here (Tomorrow, Pink Floyd, Arthur Brown, Soft Machine, Nice) the public soon got bored with this rather free-form music which they don't understand. UFO had to sink to using less expensive, little-known groups and attendance just slowly dropped off. A few months ago the drinking, fighting crowd even started to move in. We all miss UFO but we think maybe it'll come back again.

Meanwhile curvy Bobbie Gen-

try flew in last week in time to see "Ode To Billie Joe" still creeping up the chart. She made the David Frost Show and a few other things and leapt off again after 36 hours. In intellectual Hampstead they're playing a new game called "the Billie Joe Game," in which the record is played once at a suitably intellectual gathering and then they all work out theories as to what the girl and Billie Joe were throwing off the Tallahatchie Bridge. Of course they all think it's an embryo, but you hardly need an evening's discussion to come to that conclusion. Not unless you are an official intellectual of course!

The Pink Floyd, whose "Piper At The Gates Of Dawn" we hear is doing well on the West Coast, are back in the studios making some very nice sounds. They have combined with the BBC's Radiophonic Workshop on several numbers to get some exciting, new freaky electronics going and their new single certainly promises to be an excellent mind-blower.

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THE GREAT ROCK MOVIE THAT STILL ISN'T MADE

BY SUSAN LYDON

Privilege promised great things: a serious film about the rock and roll scene, starring Paul Jones, a real-life singer, directed by Peter Watkins, a young, uncompromising director who seemed to have evolved a brilliant documentary technique for telling it like it is, and a theme which raised interesting questions about the violence and mass hysteria associated with pop music.

Disappointingly, it fails on all counts.

The story, set in Great Britain in the near future, follows the career of Steven Shorter, a pop super-star, who allows himself to

become the tool of a government/business/church alliance intent on using his fantastic popularity as an instrument of social control.

The film opens with Shorter receiving the first-ever ticker tape parade in Britain's history, then cuts to his act: a sado-masochistic fantasy which, we are told by a narrator, provides a socially valuable catharsis for the violent feelings of Britain's youth.

Within weeks the machinations of his managers force a complete change in his image; he is made to repent publicly at a gigantic rally held by the church. His presence there draws an enormous audience of teen-agers,

which the church leads in a chant of "We will conform."

The only problem is that Shorter has meanwhile found a girl, Vanessa Richey (Jean Shrimpton), the sensitive painter commissioned to do his portrait. She is the first person in his young life to value him for what he really is rather than what use she can make of him. Their romance sparks the discontent Shorter has felt with his career, and, at a dinner given in his honor, he repudiates the acclaim of his fans and hangers-on.

Watkins' conception is pretty sound. There is already one British pop singer, Cliff Richard, who appears on Billy Graham crusades and proselytizes on behalf of organized religion. It is in the execution of his conception that Watkins fails miserably.

First of all, the acting is abominable. Paul Jones, formerly the lead singer with Manfred Mann, seems to have studied Marlon Brando movies and learned how to quiver his lips a lot. His acting ability stops there. Jean Shrimpton, also with no previous acting experience, adds greatly to the decorative effect of the film, but is, as Alfred Hitchcock once said about Kim Novak, "no actress, poor girl."

Not that they are given much to work with. It is difficult to imagine more banal and unoriginal dialogue. Their romance begins with Vanessa asking Shorter, "Have you ever really been close to anyone?" and reaches its high point with lines like, "What would you say (pause) if I asked you to marry me?" Even the extras are lousy. The music, by a group called The Runner Beans, is pleasant but undistinguished.

The entire story is founded on

cliches about the pop scene, most notably the one that says life-is-lonely-at-the-top. Apart from being lonely at the top, Shorter has no discernible personality. Shorter is entirely passive; one never understands why he lets himself be used. In order to believe in what happens in the movie, you have to start out believing that mass hysteria, like "Beatlemania," is a potentially dangerous phenomenon. I don't, so the jump from idolization of a pop star to fascism seems too facile and absurd.

Watkins' specialty is documentaries. What made his *The War Game* so effective was that it took nuclear holocaust out of the realm of science fiction and depicted its horrors in a realistic, believable way.

Privilege means to be frightening, but since Watkins fails to remove it sufficiently from science fiction, it is completely ineffective. Some of the scenes, in particular the rally scene, have the potential to be visually quite spectacular; instead they smack of the studio and are so surrealistic that they fail to make any appeal to the emotions.

In fact, the documentary technique and a most superfluous narrator only serve to make all events and characters in the film seem wooden. The only time Watkins allows his film to come alive at all is in the scenes involving Shorter's manager, played by Mark London, and the executive of his record company, played by Max Bacon. If the rest of the scenes and acting had been up to the high standard set by these, *Privilege* might have been a great film. As it is, the great film about the pop scene is still to be made.

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